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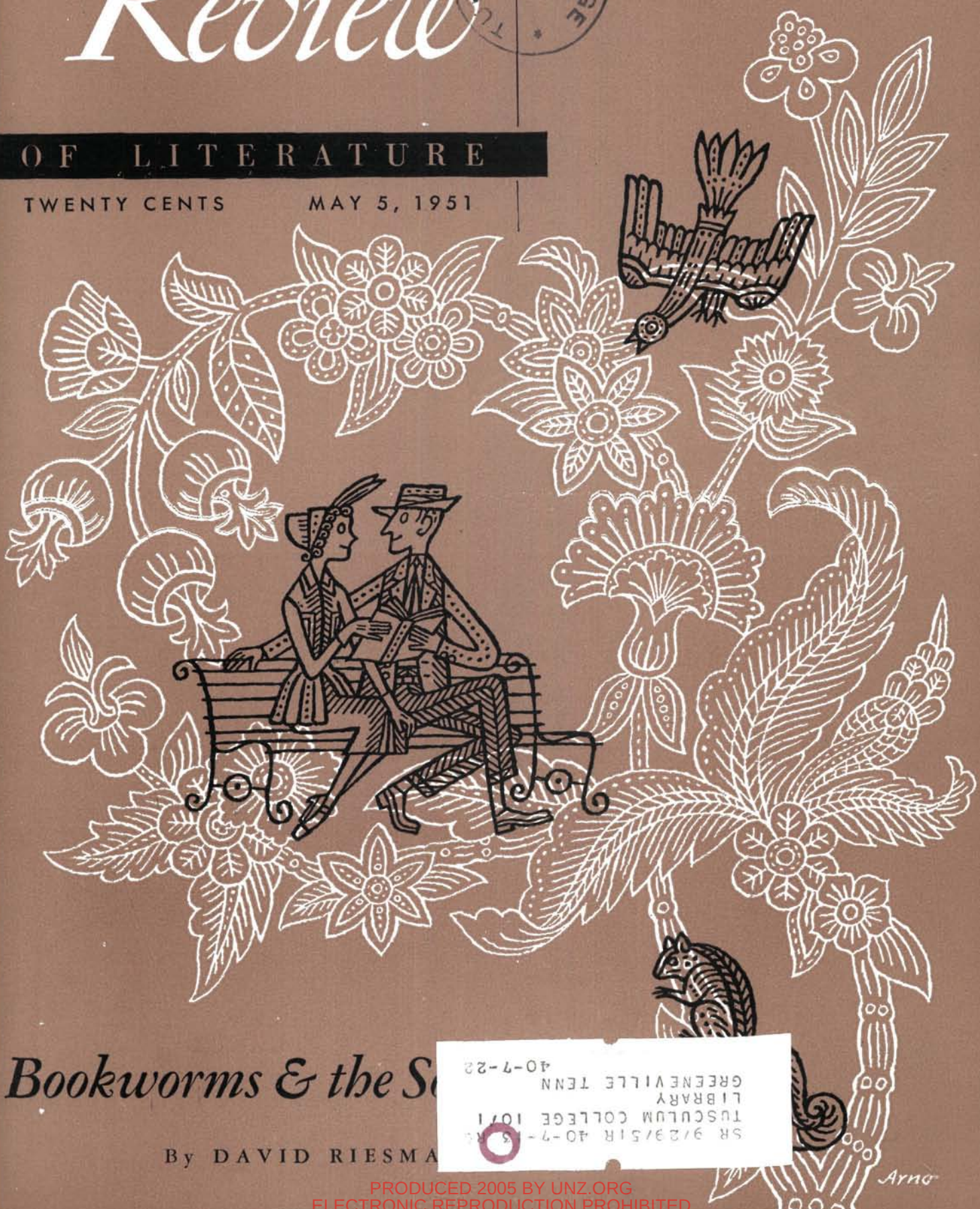

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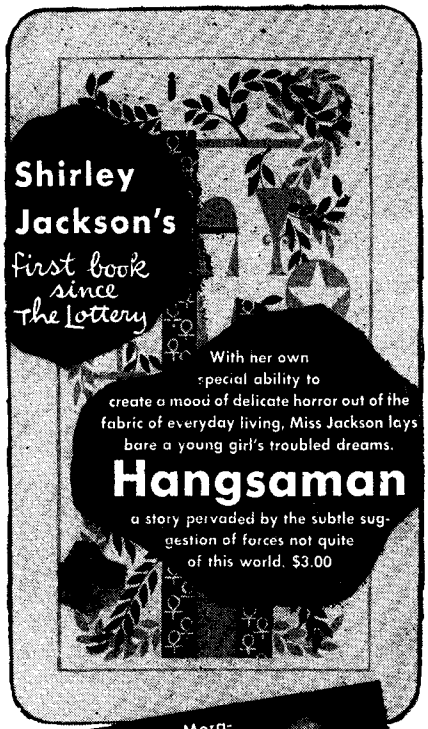
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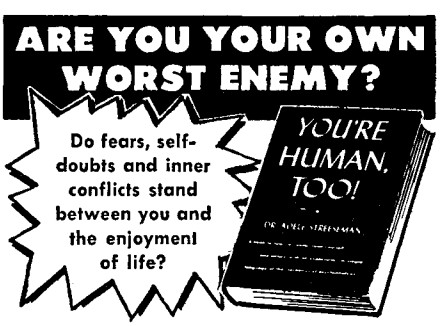
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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N.Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Jay Woodruff, Advertising Director of Recordings Section; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIV, No. 18, May 5, 1951. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1951 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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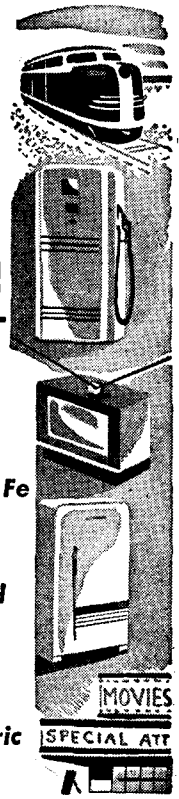

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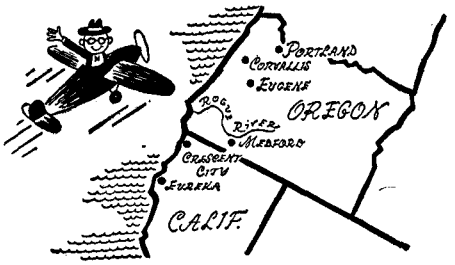
THE PLANE that transports passengers from Eureka, California, to Medford, Oregon, is operated by Southwest Airways, two of whose directors are Leland Hayward and John Swope, and as might be expected under the circumstances there's never a dull moment in flight. From Eureka you fly straight above the Pacific Ocean to



Crescent City, the shoreline dotted with massive rocks and deserted strips of beach. Then you head straight inland over the rugged Siskiyou Mountains and the wild Rogue River country, and the steward murmurs gently in your ear, "Better fasten your seat belt. There's likely to be a slight turbulence ahead." I've learned to realize that "slight turbulence" is skyway parlance for "turning upside down," and on my particular flight, at least, the steward wasn't kidding. We were carrying a big cargo of tulip bulbs, and by the time we landed at Medford I was ready to have them strewn over me. Then we transferred to a West Coast Airlines DC-3, and the rest of the trip up the Willamette Valley to Corvallis was a breeze.

OREGON STATE at Corvallis and the University of Oregon at Eugene are only forty miles apart, and of course the rivalry is intense. My guides at State were Herbert Nelson and John Swarthout, a cousin of Gladys Swarthout and author of several popular texts on the Oxford University Press list. They informed me that I had arrived just one day too late: the previous morning an exhibition of nudes had been put on display in the Student Union, then abruptly removed an hour later when a stampede threatened. They were replaced by some beautiful pictures of prairie flowers. At a faculty luncheon the pros and cons of censorship were freely aired. The arguments had a familiar ring. President Strand, however, seemed much more concerned about the impending home-and-home week-end basketball series with the hated Oregon squad (the teams split even). . . . As a matter of fact, it was in the handsome new basketball coliseum, seating 12,000, that I spoke. The mike was set up on a temporary stand in the middle of the floor, and if there only had been a few babies to kiss I'd have felt like a candidate campaigning for governor. . . . It was a good spot to repeat George Macy's story of the time his son Jonathan, then aged nine, had participated in his first interclass basketball contest. He arrived home in the throes of despond, and Macy observed, "I guess your side lost." "We did," admitted the son, "but it was a grueling fight right down to the wire." "What was the score?" asked George. Jonathan answered, "One to nothing."

THE U. OF O. English professors who drove me to Eugene—W. A. Dahlberg and Ernest Moll—are two of the most interesting gentlemen I've run into in years. Dahlberg is a great fisherman and still speaks with vast disgust of the time he took a visiting dignitary up into the mountains to fish for salmon. The visitor did everything completely wrong, disdained advice—then brought in the biggest salmon landed that entire year. (When I got home, angler Harry Maule said this was one of the saddest stories he ever heard.) . . . Moll is an Australian, a poet of note down under, who once arrived here with a shipload of 80,000 birds, which he sold to zoos all over

the country for a handsome sum. He still has a roomful of the gaily colored birds in his home, as a matter of fact. He also sports a beard that makes him look something like the great god Pan and causes students to cry "ba-a-a, ba-a-a" as he saunters by. Moll takes it in stride. He's one of the most popular men on the campus. . . . Oregon's

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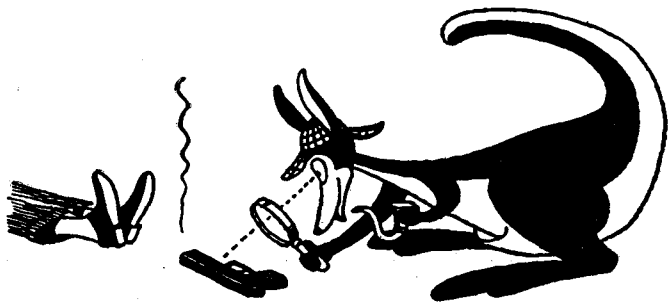
School of Journalism, presided over by Charles T. Duncan, has become one of the best in the country and has placed its graduates with leading newspapers and advertising agencies. Margaret Kirkland runs the very fine university bookstore, and Mrs. Skelton heads the book department of Cressey's downtown. Judging by Cressey's stock, the Grosset & Dunlap, Modern Library, and Simon & Schuster salesmen in those parts certainly do a magnificent job.

THE CREW of the Cascade Limited that took me to Salem was still in a dither; a baby had been born on the southbound run near Crocket, with the assistance of a doctor who happened to

be a passenger and the porter of Pullman car 116, who explained modestly, "After all, I've been handling berths for years." In the midst of his recital I heard a braying laugh two cars away which could mean only one thing: veteran bookman Carl Smalley was aboard. It turned out, however, that he had had nothing to do with the infant's delivery. . . . In Salem my dinner companions included Dick and Maurine Neuberger, both members of the Oregon Legislature. Dick is the author of several popular books on the Northwest and at present engaged in a history of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. . . . I was introduced to the Salem audience by ex-Governor Sprague and heard the story of an American bishop's address in London. His audience failed to respond to one of his pleasantries. Piqued, the Bishop remarked, "You'll probably laugh at that one some time next summer." "On the contrary," interrupted the chairman. "We laughed at that one *last* summer."

STEWART AND SIBYL HOLBROOK made my one day in Portland memorable and delightful. Stewart knows the history of every old building, cobblestone, and antiquated outdoor privy in the city but takes a dim view of the modernistic apartment houses being rushed to completion on the Heights. "Why can't they let us stay small and *gemütlich*?" he mourns. He rushed me around to meet the crisply efficient



Message to people interested in Murder

Analytical folk who Study Reading Habits are continually asking what makes mystery novels so popular.

Pessimists say it is because everybody secretly wants to kill everybody else.

Optimists say it is because detective stories are based on an ideal of justice.

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staff at J. K. Gill's, biggest book jobbers in the Northwest, Grace Brown at Meier and Frank's, the staff of *The Oregonian,* and Larry (the Beard) Howes and Donald Sterling, managing editor of the *Journal* (I had met and admired Donald on a Joint Orientation tour last June). Then we hurried back to the Holbrook mansion to meet so many of the city's elect I can't begin to remember their names.

Included in the group, I know, were Ardyth Kennelley, whose "Peaceable Kingdom" was a Literary Guild selection; Roderick Lull, a *Satevepost* regular; Evelyn Lampman and Jo Lundy, popular writers of juveniles; FPA's daughter "Puffy," a student at Reed College; Alladine Bell, the Mormon playwright (once Tom Wolfe's secretary); Nell Unger of the Portland library, with some mighty attractive members of the staff; Don McRae, Russell Sackett, Lincoln Ferris, and lord knows who else. I leave for last the couple that delighted me most: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Boyd MacNaughton, recently immortalized in a *Collier's* lead article by Dick Neuberger. Mac is known in those parts as "Mr. Oregon." He recently sold his controlling interest in *The Oregonian* but remains president of Reed College, chairman of the board of the First National Bank, national moderator of the Unitarian Church, and a sound liberal to his fingertips. Mrs. MacNaughton is a great storyteller and could take over the writing of this column without batting an eyelash.

STEWART HOLBROOK is an amazing character. Besides writing two or three books and innumerable editorials and advertising campaigns every year he is a painter of note, with a one-man show coming up in late spring. Mrs. Holbrook weaves the cloth for his suits and cast the silver tray on which our main luncheon course was served. It was pheasant chicken, incidentally, a rare delicacy that is just being introduced in Eastern markets. . . . A story repeated with resounding success at the Holbrook party referred to a time when collaborators Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur sold an independent movie producer a script, and Hecht then came up to Oregon for a visit. He was called one day by MacArthur who said, "Our producer friend is running out of ready cash and says we've got to trim our script." Hecht suggested, "Blue pencil the first forty pages. They were mostly padding anyhow." "You'll have to think of something else," said MacArthur sadly. "The first forty pages are the only ones he's already shot."

—BENNETT CERF.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *For several decades social scientists as well as members of the book industry have been concerned about the role of the serious book in American life. The interest of the social scientists grows out of their desire to find means to extend the market for serious ideas. Publishers and other members of the book industry see the question in a slightly different light: "How can we get more people to read more books?" But at bottom the concern of both groups is similar.*

It was not until several months ago that social scientists and publishers—under the sponsorship of the Committee on Reading Development of the American Book Publishers Council—met together to discuss their common problem. Chairman of the meeting was Bernard Berelson, dean of the Graduate Library School and chairman of the Committee on Communication of the University of Chicago. The other participating social scientists were Harold Lasswell, School of Law, Yale University; Robert Leigh, director, the Communication Study, Russell Sage Foundation, and the School of Library Science, Columbia University; George Gallup, director, American Institute of Public Opinion; Clyde Hart, director, National Opinion Research Center; Ralph Tyler, dean, Social Science Division, University of Chicago; Irving Janis, psychology department, Yale University; David Riesman, social science staff, the College of the University of Chicago; Lester Asheim, Graduate Library School, University of Chicago; Morris Janowitz, social science staff, University of Chicago. Representatives of publishing also participated: John O'Connor, Grosset & Dunlap; Harold Guinzburg, the Viking Press; Ian Ballantine, Bantam Books; and Datus C. Smith, Jr., Princeton University Press. The Committee on Reading Development of the American Book Publishers Council was represented by Theodore Waller and Robert Frase.

The Conference reached no conclusions but developed a number of hypotheses which it hoped would become the subject of further investigation. This week SRL *publishes an article inspired by the Conference in which David Riesman thoughtfully examines some of the reading habits of the American people. In later issues* SRL *will publish articles on the serious book and its relation to our society by Bernard Berelson and Harold Guinzburg. To conclude the series Lester Asheim will summarize the principal topics discussed at the Conference and some of the tentative conclusions.*

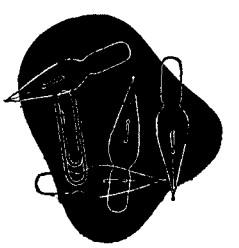
Bookworms & the Social Soil

DAVID RIESMAN

IN THE bringing up of children today there seems to have been a definite shift in the attitude toward what books should and do mean to a child. Ever since Lucy Sprague Mitchell started writing the "Here and Now" books parents and teachers have been told that imaginative books and fairy tales are bad and disturbing; that they may impart false values; that in dealing with princesses and giants they are trivial and unreal. In place of such fare it is said that children should have books that will enlighten them about the world, about reality. Reality turns out to be that of how things work, how water gets into the bathtub, for instance, or milk onto the doorstep; the human meanness of ogres and stepmothers is definitely not reality.

More recently parents have been told that children should not read too much, that it is better for them to learn through experience and to spend their time with other children—as if life were long and varied enough to find out very much about people without the aid of the social storehouse of books and other artistic works. There has been engendered a real fear of books among the very social groups that once upheld standards of cultivation, on the grounds that books may interfere with a child's development. A psychologist recently wrote in his daily newspaper column that "a child's main interest should be in doing things not in reading about them," and he added, "Living too much in the realm of imagination retards the development of his ability to distinguish reality from daydreams." Parents are also advised not to allow children to become bookworms—they will grow up lacking personality.

In the earlier years of settlement of this country many parents had just the opposite fear. Moving from Europe or from the cultivated seaboard to the frontier, they feared that their children would become illiterates; they struggled desperately to see that their children were taught to read and that a few books, including of course the Bible, would be part of their sparse furnishings. Perhaps, indeed, it is a sign of American abundance that we can now take literacy virtually for granted and can discover some of its ambiguities for personal adjustment.



But such tendencies easily become self-confirming, and if psychologists tell us that a bookworm will lack personality we will have fewer bookworms and those we have will feel on the defensive.

To be sure, not only books can disturb "adjustment." Once, doing a study of teen-age attitudes towards music, I talked with the mother of a fourteen-year-old boy. "John likes to practise [the piano]," she told me, "but I don't let him play more than an hour a day. I want to keep him a normal boy." Possibly a daughter would have been allowed somewhat more freedom in this as in other areas of genteel accomplishment, though on the whole girls even more than boys would seem to be defenseless against the demand that they be adjusted. At any rate, when they grow up they do not take upon themselves the duty of reading books on behalf of the whole society; after leaving school both boys and girls in nine cases out of ten drop anything that could be called serious reading.

The bookworm, then, is the one per-

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"Barnaby, I just bought some terrific cover paintings. I want them used on the next three novels you buy."

son in ten who reads 70 per cent of the books, including the pocket-size books, that are sold or shelved in the United States. I am inclined to view these bookworms as performing something of the same service in aerating our society that earthworms perform for the soil. Yet worms and other invaluable contributors to the earth's ecology are sometimes considered "varmint" by farmers, despite all the Soil Conservation Service can do—very much as even adult bookworms are considered to be poor personalities by some personnel managers. Fortunately, the Committee on Reading Development has set itself up as a kind of Soil Conservation Service for the field of ideas and has gone to bat on various fronts to defend the bookworm's interests, including not only the stimulation of research but also a lobby in Congress.

ONE thing seems pretty clear, namely, that books remain the least censored of media. This is in part, I suggest, precisely because of the smallness of their audience; as pocket books somewhat widen the market the problem of censorship is bound to grow more acute. But print has an old tradition to defend—older than that of movies and radio—and it has had for many reasons less intimidated defenders. True, minds may be closed to new ideas even if books are not. But since people are seldom all of a piece books can usually get into their crannies and use parts of them for leverage to open up the rest. Books, that is, can be disturbing, disintegrating forces in people and in society.

There is actually little evidence that the people who read the most books have in general the fewest social contacts and hence suffer for performing the bookworm function for the community at large. Most studies of the audience for books and other media serve rather to demonstrate the principle of "the more, the more." The more books one reads, the more magazines one reads, too, the more movies one is apt to see, and the more organizations belonged to, and so on. Books, in spite of all I have said, still carry enough of a prestige tag so that many non-readers will tell the interviewer: "I would love to read but I have no time." Freudian implications to the contrary, if they do not have time to read they are also apt not to have time for much activity of any sort.

On the whole I cannot feel that by allowing children to be bookworms one is providing for the aeration of the social soil at their emotional expense; reading is one of those functions where tragic contradictions between social and individual interest are at a minimum. But obviously this judgment depends in part on my view that "adjustment" is one of the sadder fates which can overtake a child in our society and that "integration" of personality is a somewhat doubtful ideal as usually defined—that contradiction and discontinuity of personality have to be part of any ideal which is not merely wan and flaccid.

Some people who have given thought to the problem contend that a short way to get rid both of the allegedly high price of books and of any ambiguities in being a bookworm is to go over completely to pocket books, which could be disposed of without a pang or trace as readily as a magazine, and beyond that to substitute transmission of information by facsimile for books altogether. Apparently, it is now technically feasible to scan entire libraries electronically, so that by pushing a button a "reader" could have flashed onto a television screen a series of moving images containing the capsulated information or amusement that he wanted. When these prospects struck horror into some of the more cultivated members of the publishing fraternity one of the Conference experts urged us to abandon any sentimental attachments we might have to the moss on the bucket which had previously dragged up ideas and to focus our emotional eye only on the bucket's content.

Yet it is precisely on the good-sized, hard-cover book that the bookworm is nourished. He cannot bury himself in a moving image or even, unless he is very small, in a pocket book. He is a creature who needs wide margins. For he tries to create amid all the pressures of contemporary culture a kind of "social space" around himself, an area of privacy. He does this by tying himself in his thinking and feeling to sources of some relative permanence—hence impersonal—while remaining somewhat impermeable to the fluctuating tastes, panics, and, most menacing of all, the appeals to be "adjusted" from his contemporaries. Hard-cover books are essential as protection for our all-too-small tribe of "hard-cover men."

There can be no doubt that many publishers do take very seriously their crucial mission in the defense of the hard-cover men. It is often this that leads them to be troubled by the rising break-even point of hard-cover books which makes it difficult to take chances with those first novels and non-fiction not entirely sure-fire. However, in view of the social and psychological pressures generally operative against becoming a bookworm it seems doubtful that the high price of books is one of the more serious deterrents to good reading (though, as just indicated, it may be a deterrent to new, creative writing). Rather, the fact that books are *believed* to be high-priced would seem to be a sign of public hostility to books and reading: the publishing industry is one of the few whose costs and prices create comment on the outside and guilt on the

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Fiction. *After years of self-imposed exile from Ireland Liam O'Flaherty returned to write his greatest novel. "Insurrection" is a violent account of the Easter uprising in Dublin in 1916. It is a masterpiece of suspense, full of the sound of guns and shouting people. He describes this glorious and doomed gesture with the humanity and the fury of which he alone is capable. Shirley Jackson's "Hangsaman" belongs to New England and to the other side of the literary world; it is a combination of the satirical comedy and nightmare fantasy which made her short story "The Lottery" famous. A revolution in a West Indian island in wartime provides Robert Carse with an authentic background for an exciting and romantic story. Oswald Wynd's "The Gentle Pirate" is a more sophisticated tale of a Chinese girl's adventures around the Malayan seas. Both of these latter are pleasantly reminiscent of Joseph Conrad's introspective romances.*

Peace Bored the Lady

THE GENTLE PIRATE: An Entertainment. By Oswald Wynd. New York: Doubleday & Co. 249 pp. $3.

By Lettie Rogers

THIS novel, as its subtitle suggests, is much less serious in intention than Oswald Wynd's 1947 prize winner, "Black Fountains," which was concerned with the struggles of an American-educated Japanese girl returning to Japan shortly before the Pearl Harbor attack. "The Gentle Pirate" is sophisticated, cynical, and wicked. It is a romance written by a tough-minded, intelligent, but poetic man with a sophisticated taste for violence; the sum of these parts, plus one part vitriol, makes for a curious whole. Mr. Wynd's is a queer brand of charm, based as it is on scorn and disillusionment. It is not, of course, without precedent.

The setting is exotic—the Malay Peninsula, its adjacent islands, and the waters thereabouts. The story opens just as the Japanese have read the handwriting on the wall and the British are about to take over again in 1945. Tseng is the youngest daughter of the prosperous rice-trading Chinese family of Tai, adroit at adjusting itself to each new political development. Tseng, very young and beautiful, finds life at the close of the war dull. "There was no escape. Peace was something which could go on for years, perhaps even for a lifetime." Such an intolerable situation.

Tseng becomes a pirate, making off with her father's junks and a poor thing of a brother whom she has blackmailed. For three years she plies those tropical waters, combining her pirating activities with an anti-piracy insurance racket, to which nice respectable pirates like her father fall victim. But alas, Tseng's love of power causes her to attempt a job too big—an attack on the *Pung Ha*, a magnificently painted wreck of a ship, equipped with Colin MacDonald, the conquering male. The account of this voyage of the *Pung Ha*, on which the disguised Tseng has booked passage, and her hold-up of it with the able assistance of an aging sing-song girl named Morning Convulvulus is high comedy and by far the most entertaining part of this entertainment. Tseng's pirate career winds up with her return to the bosom of her family, all her crimes having been conveniently hush-hushed in the best Oriental tradition.

It is a neat plot neatly turned, but the elements are never altogether satisfactorily fused, though historically the Chinese themselves have done it well enough, that fusing of the cynical with the romantic, the burlesque with the serious. It may be partly the fault of our times, of our present attitude toward the Far East and the dead seriousness of our stakes there, rather than Mr. Wynd's fault. We are so apt to ask when we shouldn't: is it a parable?

It leaves me feeling prudish—this necessity for pointing the finger of blame, for having to say that from page one I was bothered and troubled and never completely convinced, though I frequently laughed when I was supposed to. Withal, it will be a pleasure to hear from Mr. Wynd again. In the future maybe he will leave these romantic trappings, which suit him about as well as a toga, to others.

Lettie Rogers, a member of the English department of the Women's College of the University of North Carolina, is the author of "Storm Cloud," a novel of China.

—Jacket design by Doris Reynolds from the book.

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Tropical Toughie

FROM THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE. By Robert Carse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 294 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

THERE is a flavor of Conrad's romanticism and his introspection in Robert Carse's new novel. He has a dramatic story to tell and he is gifted with sufficient imagination to invent plausible characters and the lush background of an historically violent Caribbean island, which might or might not be Haiti. There must always be a few places left in the world for the romanticist, preferably a tropical country where anything might happen—and doubtless did happen when the American Navy and Air Force were established in the West Indies and German submarines were killing off tankers and cargo ships as if they were sitting ducks.

The novel begins with Johnny Michaels, an American gangster who had come out of the slums of a Middle Western city and adopted that fine old occupation of running guns wherever they were wanted by revolutionists. He had made enough money to turn an old mansion into the best hotel in the Negro republic of Macuta; he had found a beautiful and intelligent European mistress to love. Life, laced with rum toddies, was satisfactory in every way until an American tanker was blown up in the straits a few miles from the capital city. It was his misfortune that his oldest friend was a stalwart and patriotic German, who had helped him go straight and who had vanished from the scene when the war began. Actually, the German was back in the wild coastal mountains where the "maroons," the wild people, still lived in freedom, remembering old tales of days when all the whites had been killed or had fled. Only the voodoos and the drums told what was really going on behind the jungle screen.

When the tanker blew up Michaels's indolence and his security vanished in the explosion. There was an American airfield on the island, and there was an American ambassador whose veins were filled with ice water. Michaels had no love for any of the Americans and especially none for the Marines, who had savagely beaten him one day in his own bar on the suspicion that he was in league with enemies who might still be on the island. But the ex-gangster, whose memories of his youth were so bitter that he could not be expected to love his homeland, was nevertheless a patriot. A revolution blew up overnight, and the Presidential palace was besieged by thousands of blacks who would cheerfully have murdered every white man in sight and especially the mulattoes who ran the Government. Mass murder was averted by the heroism of a native colonel and an American in the Army's secret service who was broken and sent home for his audacity. When Michaels discovered that his former German friend was still on the island, undoubtedly directing and supplying German submarines, he went on the warpath. He was captured and sent to one of the most loathsome jails in recent fiction, managed to escape, and set out on a solitary trek into the forbidden jungle.

The latter part of the story is exciting enough to satisfy any addict of "suspense" novels, though the reader is properly aware that the hero will eventually kill his enemy and return to his woman, with his skin and his future intact. It is that kind of a book, for Mr. Carse makes no pretense of writing what is known as literature. But quite aside from a satisfactory plot which places an American reader in the curious position of regarding a good many of his own countrymen as insensitive villains, the book is especially noteworthy for its studies of the local inhabitants, among them an old German doctor who keeps Kaiser Wilhelm's portrait hidden in his study, the hotel's black cook, and an eerie old native woman steeped in the lore of voodoo. Excellent, too, are the portraits of the mulatto President, his short-lived successor, and the wives of the native hierarchy.

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Robert Carse—"for the romanticist."

A White Flag Refused

INSURRECTION. By Liam O'Flaherty. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 248 pp. $3.

By Thomas Sugrue

MANY years ago Liam O'Flaherty in a volume of autobiography called "Shame the Devil"—a volume whose dedication page contained the sentence "I offer this dagger to my enemies"—described an incident in Dublin following the Easter Rebellion of 1916, when as a young revolutionary hunted by British police he hid himself among the street crowds, huddled in a trench coat, his hands in its pockets and one hand gripping the butt of a pistol. Around him people were speaking of the "rising," and one woman said with fierceness, "I hope they catch them all and hang them, especially that dirty black Liam O'Flaherty."

O'Flaherty turned and walked the other way. He knew then that there was no place for him in Ireland; his land and his people had rejected him. He went to England and there he began to write. He has been writing ever since, and long ago he learned all the tricks, all the technique, all the cunning which distinguishes the craftsman and the artist from the amateur and the mimic. The success of the screen version of one of his novels—"The Informer"—nailed his name to the flag of popular fame, but he was an old pro and a gentleman of literary eminence long before that happened.

Now, thirty-five years after the Easter Rebellion, in the maturity of his art and the objective age of his memory he has written a novel about the brave, foolish, poetic five days during which the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army, a pitiful thousand men without support from the towns or the people of Dublin, held the General Post Office and other positions against the troops, the artillery, and the machine guns of the British Army. Like the rebellion itself the book is brief, sharp, blazing with action, and lit by a radiance of idealism which softens the ugly reality with which it deals while at the same time illuminating and magnifying the ugliest of its details. It may very well be the best thing O'Flaherty has done; he has used all his tricks and he has used them well.

He begins with instantaneous effect. It is noon of Easter Monday and Bartley Madden, a blue-eyed Connemara man of twenty-four, strong and more than six feet tall, is standing under a portico of the Post Office hating himself for getting drunk the night before

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and losing the 150 pounds he made in an English war factory and was taking home to use as bait for the farmer whose daughter he wanted to marry. Then a strange crowd of silent men, badly dressed, badly armed, and out of step, comes up the street; on the sidewalk a birdlike woman follows them, keeping her eyes on a thin boy who is doubled over from the gear he carries.

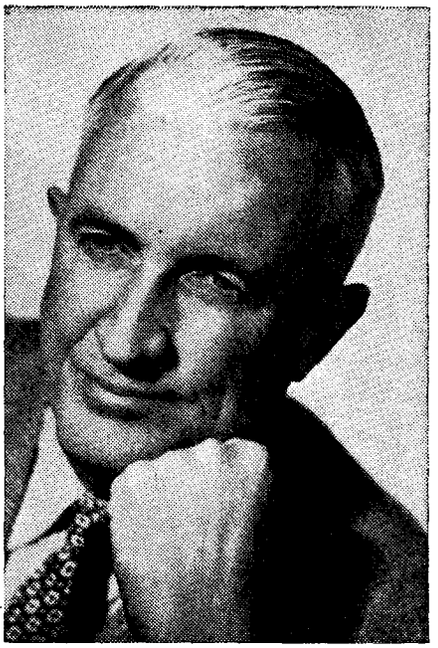
Suddenly the out-of-step insurgents, bumping each other and stumbling over their guns, turn to the Post Office and charge. Madden finds himself in the middle of a group of outraged slum-dwellers who are yelling taunts at the rebels; he gets into a fight and is defended by the birdlike woman, whose name is Mary Anne Colgan and who seizes on Madden as a gift of the Blessed Mother sent as a protector for her only son Tommy, who is inside the Post Office with the rebels. She wants Bartley to take Tommy his winter underwear, which the doctor had said he should wear until June. She takes Madden under her wing and tricks him that night into meeting Michael Kinsella, a handsome, intellectual captain of the rebels.

Madden looks once at Kinsella and falls into a trance of hero worship, during which the Idea of the rising, of Irish freedom, of freedom everywhere ignites him and begins to consume him. He joins up and for the next four days he follows Kinsella, keeps an eye on Tommy Colgan, and fights himself into a cleanliness of his emotional body and a serenity of his mind and spirit. So united does he become with the Idea that when Kinsella is killed in the last foolish charge and the remnant of the rebels surrenders Madden refuses the white flag and with two pistols in his hands and a rifle on his back charges the enemy and is shot down and killed.

It is impossible in a review to indicate the mood, the music of human struggle, the counterpoint of looters and collaborators and informers, the tapestry of Irish character, and the background of Dublin life which O'Flaherty has created as setting for Bartley Madden's rebirth, mission, death, and symbolic resurrection in the four days which followed Easter Monday. No doubt there is much of O'Flaherty in Madden and in Kinsella and in Kinsella's friend—the esthetic George Stapleton — who also was killed. Perhaps all three are O'Flaherty and yet they are also all Irishmen and all men everywhere.

O'Flaherty, like other Irish idealists, left part of himself lying dead in Dublin when the insurrection failed—failed because the country did not rise behind it and the city-dwellers turned their faces from it. He has written a fine book about the failure, but the book is not a plea or a eulogy; it is a work of art, a controlled, objective, beautifully delineated portrait of Irish courage, idealism, and poetry fighting in the midst of those other Irish traits—indifference and treachery—which he treated in the same compact, intense, tenderly penetrating manner in "The Informer."

When the rebellion was over and he heard himself cursed by a woman of his race and his land O'Flaherty walked away from Ireland. Now he has returned, to explain to the woman who cursed him and to all people the meaning of that rising and of all risings, wherever they occur. Anyone who reads "Insurrection" will discover that meaning.



Liam O'Flaherty—"tenderly penetrating."

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Shirley Jackson — "not-quite-telling."

Dreaming Girl

HANGSAMAN. By Shirley Jackson. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 280 pp. $3.

By W. T. Scott

IN SHIRLEY JACKSON'S most famous short story, "The Lottery," something very curious happens in paragraph three. The story opens with a sweet, efficient description of a warm June morning and the three hundred people of the village gathering in the square. Boys together, picking up stones. Girls in groups. The menfolk talking. The housewives hurrying in latest. Then: "Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times."

At the moment of that sentence you feel a chill cross the June air. A very slight chill. Reading the story for the first time you have, of course, no idea what it's about. The boys picking up stones may be at some boyish preoccupation; you don't especially pay attention to that. You are, simply, in a lovely New England village on a lovely summer day. And when the crowd re-forms into family groups you still have no clue to coming events. But in that somehow important, self-protective gesture there is the slightest stir of something ominous.

It is extraordinarily subtle. And Miss Jackson, as no reader of "The Lottery" will forget, goes on to tighten that note to merciless tension and release.

Now in the novel "Hangsaman" and on its much larger scale Miss Jackson again proceeds from realism to symbolic drama. Here the method fails. The tones do not flow into one another. In its final passages the novel certainly achieves an eerie quality; at any given point Miss Jackson's writing as such bears the distinction she has been so justly praised for. But the structure of the novel falls apart; it cannot contain both the satirical reporting of its first half and the nightmare fantasy of its second.

Like many another story, this one is about the maturing of an adolescent. Natalie Waite, though, is a very special seventeen; not so much in her unadult trick of occasionally blurting out exactly what she is thinking as in the quality of her thinking and in her literary background. Natalie is an exceptionally talented, intellectual child, already supervised by her father, who is apparently a sort of critic and certainly an egotistical fool. It was Arnold Waite's "custom to greet regular occasions with regular remarks." As for poor, half-ignored, half-alcohol-

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ic Mrs. Waite: "'Are *you* dressed?' Mrs. Waite said; in so many years she had not found a usable name for her husband."

They are dressing for one of his literary Sunday cocktail parties. This is early in the book. The tone is light, sharp, and very amusing as it discloses the Waites, brings on their chattering guests, suggests adult incompatabilities and adolescent bewilderments. And this tone is delightfully employed further as Natalie enters a progressive college (landscape, principles, and population all thoroughly resembling Bennington). Miss Jackson casts a knowing eye on all this and she records it in terms sometimes touching, sometimes humorous.

Natalie was raped or seduced offstage at her father's cocktail party. Presumably the emotional effects were profound, but we don't know any more about them than we know, for instance, about the effects of a flock of martinis Natalie absorbed one afternoon and for the first time. Miss Jackson's method of not-quite-telling begins to show its disadvantages. We know from her diary that Natalie is schizoid, but when she drowses into a period of paralytic madness we can never be sure whether her girl-friend Tony, kleptomaniac and Tarot card reader, is real or imagined. We are too fragmentarily informed to be fairly prepared for what happens. We can move from the vacuum of a June morning to cold horror but we cannot stride, believing, from social comedy to hallucination. Miss Jackson has mixed wine with—well, perhaps, ink.

W. T. Scott is book review editor of the Providence Journal.

Fiction Notes

A WOMAN IN POSSESSION. By Hallie Southgate Burnett. Dutton. $3. There are evidences of care and taste in Hallie Burnett's first novel but, unhappily, they are lavished on an overworked theme. The domestic triangle has been so thoroughly explored, particularly by women writers, that there is little left in this kind of plot for the reader's imagination. Will the wife or the "other woman" win the prize-package of errant husband? Usually it is touch and go. But quite early in "A Woman in Possession" the cards are stacked so heavily against the wife that the outcome holds few surprises.

Philip Moore, a young college teacher, is vaguely dissatisfied with his marriage but does not realize the extent of his disenchantment until he

(*Continued on page* 30)

Americana. *The workaday citizen finds rascals perennially fascinating whether he follows their exploits through Western fiction or studies their writhing hands on TV screens during Senatorial inquiries. The urbanized scoundrels of the twentieth century have lately been receiving their literary due in such volumes as Donald Powell Wilson's "My Six Convicts" (*SRL *March 10) and Malcolm Johnson's "Crime on the Waterfront" (April 7). This week brings two more books about city slickers: David Dressler's "Parole Chief" (see below) and St. Clair McKelway's "True Tales of Crime and Rascality" (page 14) . . . . It will soon be hard to find a segment of our land or people whose lore has not been celebrated literarily. The Rivers of America Series now covers the Savannah (page 13), the American Folkways Series turns its attention to the people around Pittsburgh in "Pittsylvania Country" (page 16), while a great stream that intersects the USA and Canada is extolled in "Red River Runs North" (page 15).*

An Expert's Credo on Crime

PAROLE CHIEF. By David Dressler. New York: The Viking Press. 320 *pp.* $3.50.

By Frank O'Leary

A DISTINGUISHED exponent of modern parole has done the American public a great service. David Dressler, for seventeen years attached to the New York State Division of Parole, during nine years of which he functioned as executive director, has intertwined interesting personal narrative with a period history of parole and liberally salted the work with highly readable case histories. The result is a warm, informative book well worth reading.

Much of the muddled thought and emotional confusion about parole will be cleared up in the minds of readers who want to understand something of parole theory and its operation in pursuit of an ideal. The structure is not, of course, anatomized as it will be in Mr. Dressler's projected technical work on the subject, but the lay reader will discern many of the flaws and perfections. The professional student of the model New York State Parole Division will no doubt await in interested anticipation Mr. Dressler's "Probation and Parole Practice," from Columbia University Press.

Mr. Dressler agrees that there are no criminal types but he points out that the differences between a professional and an amateur are not very commonly understood. The amateur is usually the fellow caught more frequently than his professional rival, with the result that the courts punish the amateur more seriously.

Mr. Dressler is a warm admirer of former New York State Commissioner Joseph J. Canavan and Dr. Joseph W. Moore, former chairman of the New York State Parole Board. The author views these two gentlemen as ideal practitioners of parole method at its best. It is a matter of public record that these former officials were far more severe in the denial of parole applications than any of their colleagues, past or present, in New York State. Mr. Dressler was equally cautious on the occasions when he substituted for one or another of the commissioners. The reader with a fair mind will have little difficulty understanding this in the light of the facts contained in his personal narrative covering his youth and adolescence. This is something of an epic of coming up the hard way.

Few people are aware that David Dressler was the prototype of Dr. Ordway, the parole board chairman of Max Marcin's radio series, which was immensely popular for a decade.

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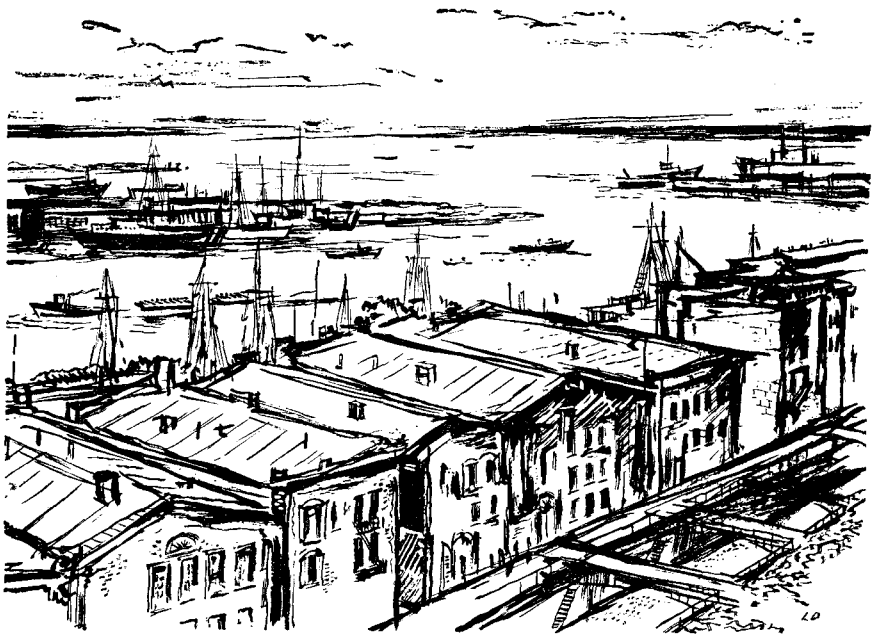
One very interesting disclosure in this section of the book is that the listening public thought it sensed authenticity in the wholly fictional cases used on the program and rejected as unrealistic real cases which Mr. Dressler was supplying to Max Marcin. Equally difficult to understand was that the public seemed to favor granting paroles to the most culpable rascals appearing in the stories while complaining vociferously that the veriest amateurs were not deserving of consideration.

Among the warmest incidents reported in "Parole Chief" is that of Dominick, who had served twenty-five years when the governor paroled him. One hour after his discharge from Sing Sing Dominick should have made his arrival report in the New York City parole offices. It was unthinkable that a model prisoner like Dominick would abscond without reaching New York City. Yet some five hours after his departure Dominick had not reported. Two parole officers left with a warrant to retrace his steps. They had to go no further than Grand Central Station. On the corner of Forty-second Street and Vanderbilt Avenue Dominick stood sweating furiously, a pet squirrel peeping out of his pocket, a caged canary in one hand and his kit of tools in the other. The traffic and hurly-burly of modern New York City had so terrified Dominick that he had feared to cross the street. His confusion and fears were so deep-rooted that a parole officer had to set him up in a furnished room and for several weeks deliver groceries to him. Whatever the reader may think of the author's seemingly hard view of the application of parole, no one can miss the man's essential warmth of feeling for the least of his fellow men.

For many of the readers of this book who admire a public servant with a fervent credo the following lines will prove highly stimulating:

> I believe crime can be prevented in considerable measure by intelligent planning on a broad scale, by vision and courage. No man or woman is born a criminal or foredoomed to criminality. No individual wants to fight society if he can gain normal satisfactions without so rebelling.
>
> I believe an offender can be helped to become law-abiding. I believe the majority want to become so. I am convinced that public endeavors like parole and probation, properly administered, are valuable functions and the obligation of a democratic society.

Frank O'Leary is himself out on parole, working as a longshoreman in Brooklyn after having spent twenty-two of his forty-seven years in prison.



—Jacket design by Lamar Dodd for "The Savannah."

Three Hundred Years of River

THE SAVANNAH. By Robert L. Stokes. New York: Rinehart & Co. 401 pp. $4.

By E. Merton Coulter

UNLIKE the Kentucky, which runs through one state, or the Tennessee, which runs through or borders on seven, the Savannah is the boundary between two. Georgia, a rib from South Carolina, was never viewed by the latter in the light of a helpmeet. The Savannah River, from the earliest years of these two Colonies, instead of becoming a bond of union and friendship developed into a subject of acrimony and dissension—first as a highway for rumrunners from wet Carolina into dry Georgia and later as a boundary line which furnished dispute for a century and a half.

With bold strokes Mr. Stokes hews his way through three centuries of happenings that clustered about the Savannah River. So rich in history is this region that he was never forced to the device of lugging into his story events and developments which had no close relation to the Valley. In fact, one who reads this book will likely be struck by the omissions of many developments, dramatic and significant; but the blame, if it can be so called, must be assessed against space limitations which all books must have and against the editors who must look after such matters. But, of course, there is always room to quarrel with an author over his selections. In this case Mr. Stokes can make valid defense for what he has chosen to include.

Nevertheless, it would have made good reading to recount the trials and tribulations of John Wesley in Colonial Georgia; George Galphin's trading station and activities at Silver Bluff would have added a significant note to the Indian story; the Swiss settlement at Purysburg would have brought South Carolina into the story a little more; it would have illuminated a little-known subject to bring in the regattas on the Savannah, enlisting contestants from as far away as New York; Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the river, would have enriched the Civil War story, and its construction would have brought Robert E. Lee into the picture. And undoubtedly South Carolinians are not going to like the fact that Georgia gets the lion's share of the book, for half of both the river and the Valley are in South Carolina. But it should be noted that Savannah (river and town) has always meant Georgia. Very likely Mr. Stokes in his original manuscript dealt with these subjects and many others, for he half promises another book on what he had to leave out.

However, what a book includes is more to the point than what it omits. Mr. Stokes begins with De Soto and ends with Tom Watson and Ben Tillman, with a final adieu which is an assessment of the personality and possibilities of the Valley in terms of Clark's Hill power development. If

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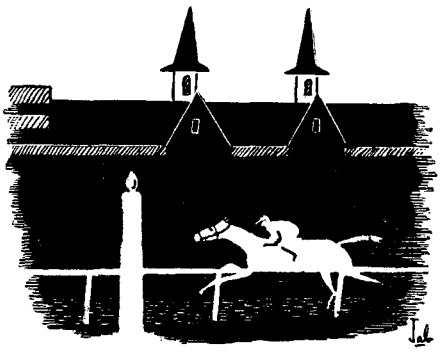
this book had gone to press six months later it would doubtless have ended with the development of the vast atomic project cutting midway across the Valley.

In the sweeping story of the Savannah Mr. Stokes brings in Spaniards, Frenchmen, Indians, fur traders, Revolutionary patriots, Eli Whitney and the cotton gin, and the rivermen and steamboats and railroads and demagogues and statesmen.

He writes in high romance and stark realism and with wisdom and understanding of what his story means —not surprising to those who read the daily newspapers and keep up with Pulitzer prize winners. But Mr. Stokes is not a historian and would be the last to so classify himself. Yet it is too often the sad truth that historians who know the facts cannot write and others who can write know too few facts. Mr. Stokes has laid himself open to a great many mistakes in



small matters of detail; but the great sweep of his story is correct and wise.

The bold strokes of the illustrations by Lamar Dodd are well in keeping with the spirit of the book.

E. Merton Coulter, professor of history at the University of Georgia, is the author of "The South During Reconstruction" and editor of "The Other Half of Old New Orleans."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

KENTUCKY DERBY WINNERS

To celebrate the seventy-seventh running of the Kentucky Derby on May 5, Frances Lee McLean, of Lexington, Kentucky, sends us sixteen quotations from each of which she has omitted a word or two, and she asks that you supply the blanks with the names of Kentucky Derby winners. Allowing six points for each correct answer, a score of forty-eight is par, fifty-four is very good, and sixty or better is excellent. Answers on page 40.

1. So sinks the —— —— in the ocean bed.
2. A —— died—a happy thing to do
   When twenty years united to a Shrew.
3. The huntswoman, moon, was my mother,
   And the song man, ——, my sire.
4. What time the plaided clans came down to battle with ——.
5. —— —— upon the stars, my love,
   And shame them with thine eyes.
6. How can ye ——, ye little birds,
   And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
7. Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
   Not in the shouts and ——s of the throng,
   But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.
8. He's the man the people choose —
   Loves the Irish and the Jews!
   —— for President!
9. I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
   And from that full —— of my glory
   I haste now to my setting.
10. This mournful truth is ev'rywhere confess'd —
    Slow rises ——, by poverty depress'd.
11. Familiar as an old mistake,
    And futile as ——.
12. While this earth's sunshine seems the golden dust
    Slow settling from that radiant ——.
13. Where life's busy arts combine
    To —— —— the Hand Divine.
14. For oft, when on my couch I lie
    In vacant or in —— mood,
    They flash upon that inward eye.
15. We see time's furrows on another's brow,
    And death intrenched, preparing his ——.
16. People hurry and work and swear,
    Laugh and grumble and die and wed,
    —— what they will eat and wear.

Galaxy of Rogues

TRUE TALES FROM THE ANNALS OF CRIME AND RASCALITY. By St. Clair McKelway. New York: Random House. 339 *pp.* $3.

By David Dressler

IF I were a rascal worth chronicling I would want St. Clair McKelway to do it. He writes for the mature, portrays characters in depth, and gives both society and the rapscallion its and his just due.

In this series of true cases, all from *The New Yorker*, he presents a fascinating gallery of rascals and their pursuers. All criminals are rascals but not every rascal is criminal, the author says. A rascal is merely a rogue, a scamp; he may or may not have heard the creak of the policeman's shoes in his immediate vicinity.

Here is accountant Wily Wilby, who lived in a $65 apartment in Jackson Heights, went Dutch when out with friends, left dime tips—while embezzling $386,921.29. By the time the D.A., with growing amazement and admiration, began untangling Wilby's fantastically complicated operations the rogue had fled. Had he not had a strikingly beautiful wife who happened into a hotel lobby at the precise moment when a photographer could spot her and emit a wolf whistle Wilby might today be resting on his larcenies in Canada. Here, too, is Mister 880, the elderly, gentle counterfeiter who manufactured one-dollar bills for the love of it, remained poor, but for ten years gave the Government a class-A headache.

McKelway's characters are astonishing yet plausible, and there he stands head and shoulders above most "crime writers." He allows his subjects to speak for themselves; such self-revelation produces realism.

The rascal catchers are as exciting as the men they nab. Tom Brophy, as chief fire marshal of New York City, warred on arsonists, deeply resented a fire being planned without his prior knowledge. When two firebugs started a conflagration Brophy was on hand, knocked them down; some putative street cleaners fished fire extinguishers from their garbage receptacles, two "peddlers" produced hose from their vegetable wagon, and the fire was out. Brophy had contact with Joe Eisenstein, probably the only arsonist of record who sued a client for failing to pay for a fire he had ordered. Collected, too.

Mr. McKelway sees process servers as unjustifiably despised fellows just doing a job of work. Harry Grossman, a devilishly ingenious chap, was cursed, slapped, pinched, thrown down

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stairs, and once attacked by a family of seven who put him in the hospital. Forever seething with righteous indignation, he once roared, "You, multimillionaire! Is it decent, is it nice, for a multimillionaire . . . to hide from me? Why don't you take the papers like a man?"

From the mouths of his subjects McKelway elicits penetrating social commentary, as in the poignant story of the girl who abandoned her illegitimate twins. (The jacket blurb finds something "hilarious" about the situation, but don't you believe it.)

Interesting, if somewhat dated, is the portrait of Father Divine. Harry Bridges tells an improbable but funny story about how he tailed the FBI men who were tailing him. And there is the city magistrate who insists he considers "the human side" and who for my money is a bit of an ass—once he sentenced some peddlers to write fifty times, "I must have a license before I can peddle in the streets of New York."

A chapter that should be reread every year by every cop, judge, and penologist in the country is the one on Philip Caruso, who went to Sing Sing an absolutely innocent youth convicted on faulty testimony given by careless witnesses and overzealous police before a faltering judge. When the real offenders confessed that judge told Caruso, "Do not feel bitter. . . . I want to give you a piece of advice, Phil. . . . Keep away from those poolrooms. . . . Raymond Street Jail is no place for a person to live. Sing Sing is not a very good place either. Let this mistake be a good lesson. . . . Go straight. Do you hear?"

David Dressler, former New York State parole officer and author of "Parole Chief" (reviewed in this issue), is now editor of Saga.

—*Von Behr.*

St. Clair McKelway—"for the mature."

International Stream

RED RIVER RUNS NORTH. By Vera Kelsey. New York: Harper & Bros. 287 pp. $3.75.

By A. L. Burt

IN THE very heart of North America, equidistant from the sea, north, south, east, and west, lies a shallow prairie valley with deep rich soil through which the Red River flows lazily—except when it bursts its low banks and runs on a wild rampage. This valley, which nature made one, man has divided between Manitoba, Minnesota, and the two Dakotas. Now a daughter of the valley sees it as one and tells its story as such.

It is a fascinating subject with its disorderly procession of warlike Sioux, thundering buffalo herds, venturesome explorers, rival fur-traders and their half-breed children, Selkirk settlers thrice-planted and twice-uprooted, other settlers advancing slowly from the south, Red River carts making a trail like that of a giant harrow drawn across the open prairie, river steamboats, rebellions, railway builders, bonanza farms, and inrushing immigrants.

Of all this and more Vera Kelsey writes in a fascinating manner. From the very beginning, where she describes how the river was born, "a dimple in the earth," when the center of the continent heaved above the sea, to the very end, where she gives an amusing account of the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House in Grand Forks, her old home town, the interest never flags, for she is an experienced newspaperwoman and magazine contributor as well as the author of mystery stories and of books about other lands that she has visited. At times her impressionist style may be too breathless for old-fashioned readers who have an ingrained prejudice against sentences that lack a subject or a verb.

This is racy popular history, good entertainment for uncritical readers. Sometimes Miss Kelsey is more credulous than credible. She got one fit of imagination from swallowing the Kensington Rune Stone and another from bolting the romantic tale of the white Indian known as the Falcon. But they make good stories to enliven a lively book. Quite properly, Miss Kelsey shows how white men converged upon the Red River over the three great waterways of the Hudson Bay, the St. Lawrence, and the Mississippi, and therefore she has to deal with events elsewhere to explain what happened in this remote valley. Since most of these white men until a comparatively recent date came from the

—*Bradford Bachrach.*

Vera Kelsey—"interest never flags."

St. Lawrence or Hudson Bay most of her excursions are into the history of old Canada and the old English company. Her concept is grand.

Equally grand is Miss Kelsey's disdain for accuracy. This book is riddled with errors of fact and interpretation. The author says that Louis XIV sent Champlain to spy out the St. Lawrence in 1603, though she ought to have known that no government dispatched him on that mission and he died three years before Louis XIV was born. She puts Selkirk's family seat in the Highlands, though it was about as far from the Highlands as it could be in Scotland. These are but two of the countless little howlers that she could have caught with easy checking. More serious is her failure to digest some of the recent works she cites in her bibliography. Her account of Radisson and Groseilliers is almost all wrong because she did not examine Miss Nute's scholarly "Caesars of the Wilderness." Two other careful studies noted in her bibliography—Pritchett's "Red River Valley, 1811-1849" and Stanley's "Birth of Western Canada"—would also have kept her straight on many things. It would be superfluous to give further illustrations of her neglect to consult the reliable authorities that she mentions.

Though Miss Kelsey is guilty of the sins expected of most professional writers who dash into history, she has grasped the fundamental fact that the Red River of the North was the scene of clashing imperial interests, French, British, Canadian, and American, and she has treated it without any national bias.

A. L. Burt, professor of history at the University of Minnesota, is author of "The Romance of Canada," "The Old Province of Quebec," and other books.

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Rich Region

PITTSYLVANIA COUNTRY. By George Swetnam. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 315 *pp.* $3.50.

By JOHN D. PAULUS

PITTSYLVANIA COUNTRY is that vital, vigorous, and (in this atomic age) vulnerable area surrounding Pittsburgh, the steel capital of the world. Of this section and of its turbulent days George Swetnam, a Pittsburgh newspaperman, has written a popular history, the twenty-second volume of the American Folkways Series. His "Pittsylvania Country" hits the highlights of a district that is rich in lore and varied in color.

Nearby corners of Ohio, Maryland, and West Virginia left their mark on Pittsylvania Country. So did people from the British Isles, Central Europe, and the Balkans when their time came. And so did frontier rifleman and pioneer clergyman, Conestoga driver and keelboat pusher, minstrel singer and horseradish peddler, Johnny Appleseed and Andrew Carnegie. All roads but one lead to Pittsburgh, Mr. Swetnam says, and so do all the rivers of the area. Between its roads and rivers the district has had its share of glory and shame, peace and violence, bloodletting and industrial progress.

"Characters" have abounded in the region, too. There was Joe Magarac, the legendary steelmaker, who could pour molten iron through his bare fingers. "Cherry Tree Joe" McCreery, the fabulous woodsman, could out-Bunyan Bunyan and was so big he could wear a raft on each foot and skate down the river.

Many old and forgotten stories are told again and they are by far the book's most readable sections. Mr. Swetnam, for instance, tells the stories of Tom the Tinker in the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794; of Herman Blennerhassett's "deserted isle" in the Ohio, where Aaron Burr plotted to raise an army to wrest Louisiana from Spain; and of legendary Polly Williams, the innocent girl who was betrayed and slain on the side of Chestnut Ridge in the spring of 1810. Pittsylvania Country mountaineers still sing and play the ballad that told her tragic story. He tells, too, of the honeymoon of Lydia Latrobe and Nicholas Roosevelt, scion of the rich New York Dutch family and an ancestor of FDR. Convinced that Robert Fulton's new steamboat would revolutionize river travel, Nicholas with his wife set out in 1810 from Pittsburgh's Point to survey the Ohio River, traveling aboard a flatboat, a craft so fragile that a Pittsburgh judge once ruled one such boat had sunk from striking the head of a yellow-bellied catfish.

The struggle between Pittsburgh and Wheeling to become the "gateway to the West" occupies several important portions of the book—and a dramatic story it is, too, with industrial and financial giants, state legislatures, governors, and even the Federal Government getting into the act at one time or another. Another section deals with Pittsylvania Country in its role as "bastion of the Union" during the Civil War and with its entrance into the "Day of Iron" and its phenomenal growth, enrichment, and power.

We are told of the early iron-masters Peter Marmie and Colonel Mason; of the great inventors Henry Bessemer and William Kelly; and of the colorful industrialists Andrew Carnegie, Henry Clay Frick, and others. The epic battle between Carnegie and Frick is related, as is the story of how J. P. Morgan (with an assist from "Bet a Million" Gates) welded together the great U. S. Steel Corporation. And there are stories of the historic Johnstown flood, the success stories of George Westinghouse, H. J. Heinz, and John Arbuckle (whose names became household words throughout America); the terrible mine disasters; the dramatic tale of the rise and fall of Coal Baron J. V. Thompson; and the building of those latter-day wonders, the Pennsylvania Turnpike and the University of Pittsburgh's forty-two-story Cathedral of Learning.

The book is interesting and in some parts exciting. But it is, too, at times, jumpy, going from one episode to another without apparent transition, and somewhat fragmentary, for the whole story of the district cannot possibly be told in only 300 pages. But it is generally good and it should cause to swell with pride the breasts of the millions who now live in the famed and fabulous Pittsylvania Country.

John D. Paulus is book review editor of the Pittsburgh Press.

ON MONDAY, May 7, the trustees of Columbia University will announce the Pulitzer Prizes for 1950. *Last week for the fourteenth year* SRL *asked the book reviewers and editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the works in fiction, biography, history, and poetry which they believed deserved the awards.*

Of the twenty-three critics participating eight favored "The Wall," by John Hersey, for the fiction award, while six nominated Conrad Richter's "The Town." The vote was closer in biography: five votes for Catherine Drinker Bowen's "John Adams and the American Revolution"; five votes for Lloyd Lewis's "Captain Sam Grant"; and four votes for Margaret L. Coit's "John C. Calhoun: American Patriot." Closer still was the vote in history: three votes each for Henry Steele Commager's "The American Mind," Allan Nevins's "The Emergence of Lincoln," and Herbert Agar's "The Price of Union." ("The Emergence of Lincoln" was also named by one critic for the biography award.) An easy winner in the poetry category was Carl Sandburg's "Collected Poems" with eleven votes.

—R. W., Jr.

Americana Notes

CAMELS TO CALIFORNIA: A Chapter in Western Transportation. By Harlan D. Fowler. Stanford University Press. $3.50. It was Jefferson Davis's own idea, in his capacity as Secretary of War of the United States, to import camels from the Levant "for Army transportation and for other military purposes." He had had the idea as far back as 1851, but it was not until 1855 that he was able to carry it through. By 1857 seventy-five camels had reached America along with eight Levantine caretakers. The program did not accomplish all that was expected of it, but that was not the fault of the camels, and Mr. Davis soon had more pressing concerns to occupy his mind.

The camels survived into reasonably recent times—General Douglas MacArthur recalls seeing them when he was an Army brat in New Mexico in the 1880's, and a demobilized animal passed its retirement in a Los Angeles zoo until its death in 1934. One of the caretakers lived until 1903, after having been an Arizona scout for thirty years. Another caretaker drifted into Mexico, married a Yaqui girl, and became the father of President Calles of Mexico (who was known in his youth as "El Turco"). West-Coast interests tried to adapt the camel to commercial and industrial uses without conspicuous success but actively enough to make Mr. Fowler's monograph eligible for inclusion in the Stanford Transportation Series. He tells a good story well and illustrates it

(*Continued on page* 40)

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The Saturday Review's Annual Pulitzer Prize Poll

Nominations of the Nation's Book Reviewers

Name and Medium	*Fiction Vote*	*Biography Vote*	*History Vote*	*Poetry Vote*
H. RUSSELL AUSTIN, *The Milwaukee Journal*	"The Wall," by John Hersey	"John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen	"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune Magazine of Books*	"The Wall," by John Hersey	"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis	"The Yankee Exodus," by Stewart H. Holbrook	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
CLYDE BECK, *The Detroit News*	"The Salt and the Savor," by H. W. Troyer	"The Peabody Sisters of Salem," by Louise Hall Tharp	"The Age of Faith," by Will Durant	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*	"The Disenchanted," by Budd Schulberg	"Shakespeare of London," by Marchette Chute	"The Blue and the Gray," by Henry Steele Commager	"Family Reunion," by Ogden Nash
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*	"The Town," by Conrad Richter	"John C. Calhoun: American Patriot," by Margaret L. Coit	"The Emergence of Lincoln," by Allan Nevins	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*	"The Town," by Conrad Richter	"John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen	"The Emergence of Lincoln," by Allan Nevins	
EMMETT DEDMON, *Chicago Sun-Times*	"The Wall," by John Hersey	"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis	"The Price of Union," by Herbert Agar	"The Auroras of Autumn," by Wallace Stevens
AUGUST DERLETH, *Madison (Wis.) Capital Times*	"Make Light of It," by William Carlos Williams	"John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen	"Drawn from Memory," by John T. McCutcheon	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*	"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren	"John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen	"Story of the Mexican War," by Robert Selph Henry	"Bow Down in Jericho," by Byron Herbert Reece
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*	"The Disenchanted," by Budd Schulberg		"F. D. R.: His Personal Letters," edited by Elliott Roosevelt	"Illegitimate Sonnets," by Merrill Moore
LEE GROVE, *Washington Post*		"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis	"Life's Picture History of World War Two"	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*	"The Town," by Conrad Richter	"Of Men and Mountains," by Justice William O. Douglas	"John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
MAX HERZBERG, *Newark Evening and Sunday News*	"The Wall," by John Hersey	"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis	"The Yankee Exodus," by Stewart H. Holbrook	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
SUZANNE MARTIN, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*	"The Wall," by John Hersey	"Boswell's London Journal"		
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*	"The Town," by Conrad Richter	"Kon-Tiki," by Thor Heyerdahl	"The Emergence of Lincoln," by Allan Nevins	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *The New York Times*	"The Wall," by John Hersey	"John C. Calhoun: American Patriot," by Margaret L. Coit	"The Emergence of Lincoln," by Allan Nevins	
W. G. ROGERS, *The Associated Press*	"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren	"John C. Calhoun: American Patriot," by Margaret L. Coit	"The Price of Union," by Herbert Agar	"The Auroras of Autumn," by Wallace Stevens
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*	"World Enough and Time," by Robert Penn Warren	"The Emergence of Lincoln," by Allan Nevins	"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*	"The Wall," by John Hersey	"John C. Calhoun: American Patriot," by Margaret L. Coit	"The American Mind," by Henry Steele Commager	
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*	"The Town," by Conrad Richter	"Captain Sam Grant," by Lloyd Lewis	"John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen	
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*	"The Town," by Conrad Richter	"John Adams and the American Revolution," by Catherine Drinker Bowen	"The Price of Union," by Herbert Agar	"Collected Poems," by Glenn Ward Dresbach
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*	"The Wall," by John Hersey	"Herman Melville," by Newton Arvin	"The Virgin Land," by Henry Nash Smith	"Complete Poems," by Carl Sandburg
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*	"Make Light of It," by William Carlos Williams	"The Peabody Sisters of Salem," by Louise Hall Tharp	"Steamboat on the Western Rivers," by Louis C. Hunter	

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The Land.

For the city man and his wife the country at this time of year acquires an allure difficult to deny. The problems of making a living being what they are, most city men compromise by acquiring a place for only the week ends and the summer months. Dorothy Van Doren wrote about one family's experiments with this type of rural living in "The Country Wife" (SRL April 14). The next step is to buy a few animals, plant some serious crops, and lengthen the sojourns. Helen Train Hilles tells about her experiences along this line in "Farm Wanted," reviewed below. The final and often fatal step is to attempt to settle permanently on the land and wrest a livelihood from it. But that is a serious proposition, as 11,000,000 American farmers can attest. Robert West Howard (page 29) reviews several important new books on agriculture as a business.

That Little Place in the Country

FARM WANTED. By Helen Train Hilles. New York: Julian Messner. 236 pp. $3.

By Dorothy Van Doren

SOME years ago Mrs. Hilles and her husband were week-ending in Dutchess County. They were a couple of childless New Yorkers, and Mrs. Hilles herself disliked the country, picnics, farms, manure, sports, and bugs. One would think that this would be enough to take her safely back to her New York apartment, but of course it was not. They suddenly found themselves the owners of a house and fifteen acres of land—what had once been a small farm.

Mrs. Hilles tells how they tackled the house—fundamentally good but with questionable additions; how they built a lawn after removing the bits of plaster, wood, sawdust, and knife-sharp copper sheeting left by the workmen; how she reluctantly began the business of a vegetable garden, from which they were finally overwhelmed with cucumbers and menaced by bush-beans. It was not until they had two small children that life began to be really complicated—and the children were not to blame. For some reason Mrs. Hilles thought her little girls ought to make the acquaintance of a setting hen and a clutch (technical term) of eggs. In no time at all she found herself with a calf, two cows, thirteen pigs, and a horse. All hatched from a dozen eggs, so to speak.

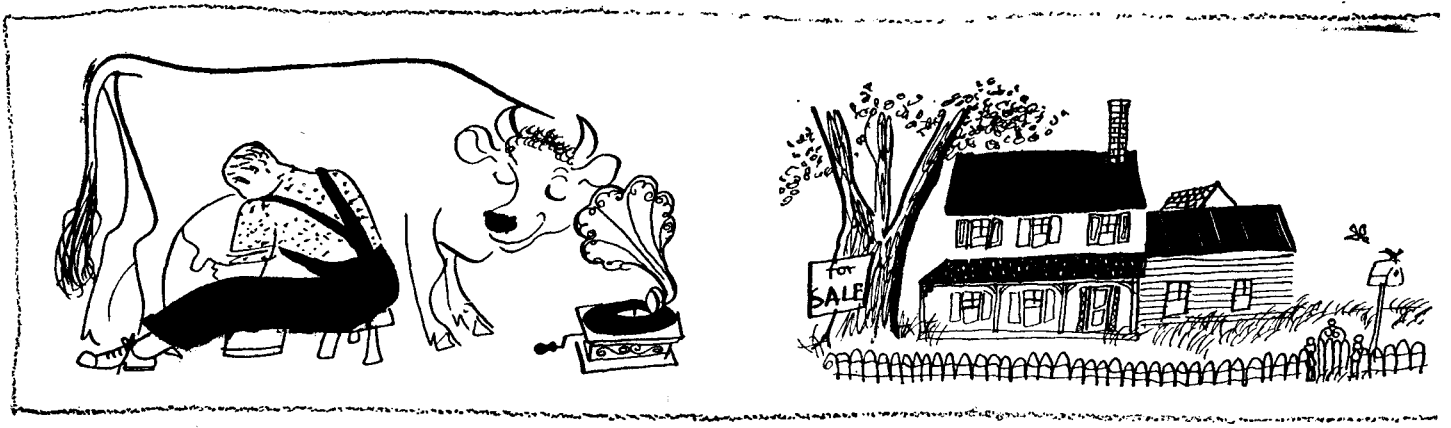
As any week-end farmer ought to see at a glance, it is one thing (some people think it is enough) to cope with grass, vegetables, flowers, and even trees, all of which stay reasonably put; animals are something else again. Mrs. Hilles admits that they take a lot of time and attention, but she also describes mouth-melting broilers, thick yellow cream skimmed from the milk pans, and a bout with a quarter of young veal that should dissolve the modern meat shopper in tears. Veal cutlets, veal leg, veal chops, calf's liver—it is heartbreaking to read of these things and remember today's butcher bill at the same time. It made me want to run right out and buy a calf.

The only reason I did not is that I have no Mr. Lovelace. Mr. Lovelace was the secret of the Hilles's success with animals. He had sold them the farm in the first place; he remained in the neighborhood. And there was no job apparently which Mr. Lovelace could not be hired to do, especially including taking care of the stock in the winter when the Hilleses were in New York. If you have a Mr. Lovelace you do not fear man or beast. Also if you have a Jennie. Jennie was white-haired, seventy, a judicious nurse, a capable housekeeper, and her favorite occupation while resting was picking berries and making jam out of them. The Hilleses, who could not have deserved two such treasures, had Jennie, too.

Readers who have not yet taken that fatal ride in search of that little place in the country will be hopelessly lost by Mrs. Hilles's cheerful account of her predicaments from day to day and from summer to summer. Readers who are already caught will wonder if maybe a few chickens might not be a good idea—we could put them in that little house behind the barn, you know.

As an old week-end countryman I have only one complaint of Mrs. Hilles's book. The first spring when they came up with the new baby the yard was beginning to look very nice—"forsythia sprawled in brilliant, unexpected flashes of yellow. The iris . . . bloomed in a sturdy purple line." If the forsythia and the iris bloom at the same time in Dutchess County, I can only say that next door in Litchfield County they do not. Mrs. Hilles confesses to a rather lukewarm attitude toward flowers. And I will waive the simultaneous iris and forsythia in a happy recollection of her favorite supper: cottage cheese made from their own buttermilk, with chives on top, sour cream, cold sliced tomatoes, a platter of crisp bacon, and bread and butter. It would be almost worth playing nursemaid to a cow and accoucheur to a pig to have such home-grown fare.

Dorothy Van Doren is the author of several novels and the recently published "The Country Wife."



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Precious Arteries

THE WATER AND THE POWER. By Albert N. Williams. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 378 pp. $4.50.

By Paul B. Sears

ALTHOUGH the idea of conservation rests upon the same principles that have given us the physical sciences, conservation of natural resources is an art, drawing upon many sources for its techniques. More profoundly, however, it is an attitude or code of values with heavy esthetic and emotional overtones.

Naturally enough, then, the man who reads widely in this field learns to be wary. He opens each new volume, especially if it has been written for the trade, with the silent question, "How is this one angled?" So far as "The Water and the Power" is concerned Albert N. Williams has every right to quote the famous rejoinder of Walt Disney, "Hell, Prof, all I try to do is make a good picture."

Mr. Williams has waded with his eyes wide open into one of the toughest, most controversial, and—on the record—most expensive non-military problems now before the American public. That problem is the prudent use of its water in the thirsty lands west of the Father of Waters, where high mountains milk the clouds from the Pacific and send their moisture tumbling down thousands of feet into lowlands parched but rich in minerals.

Here is tremendous potential. The momentum of falling water means power, and the combination of abundant soil minerals with irrigation water means food and fiber. Together these things spell an opportunity for human life and work in a world that is sore from the pressure of Homo sapiens upon a finite environment.

Mr. Williams gets his vast subject under control by presenting the case history of five great Western rivers—the Colorado, the Sacramento (which includes the San Joaquin), the Rio Grande, the Missouri, and the Columbia. He begins with their exploration, not as a trick to intrigue the reader, though this part of the story could stand on its merits as good entertainment, but as a necessary element in the interpretation of each river. He then recounts the efforts, always fumbling and often tragic, which men have made to live with and by virtue of these several arteries of the landscape. And finally he shows how each stream has been advanced to a status of national concern.

The outcome of this examination is the very important generalization that you can't generalize about rivers. What goes for one will fail with another so far as means are concerned. With ends it is something different. Here the cold figures are convincing. The only sound economy of river development is one which makes fullest use of all possible benefits, including intangibles such as wild life and recreation.

In other words, no one who cherishes the quaint notion that fiscal integrity should apply to government as well as to the individual can justify river-control merely for irrigation or merely for flood-control or navigation or even for industrial development or domestic water supply. All of these ends must be considered in any sound scheme to warrant the vast expenditures that are involved.

This vigorous book pulls no punches yet gives every devil his due and indicts no one save on his own testimony. It is well organized, well written, and bears the marks of prodigious energy in assembling facts. The maps are good, although a reading glass is required to study them. Proofreading by a scientist (which ought to become standard practice with publishers) would have insured a happier use of several technical terms.

The author's final conclusions will not please everybody. I forbear giving them in the hope that many will read "The Water and the Power," sense its freedom, honesty, and competence, and so see the grounds upon which these conclusions are based.

Paul B. Sears, author of "Deserts on the March," is chairman of the Yale University Conservation Program.

Nature in Texas

KARANKAWAY COUNTRY. By Roy Bedichek. New York: Doubleday & Co. 290 pp. $3.50.

By Louis J. Halle, Jr.

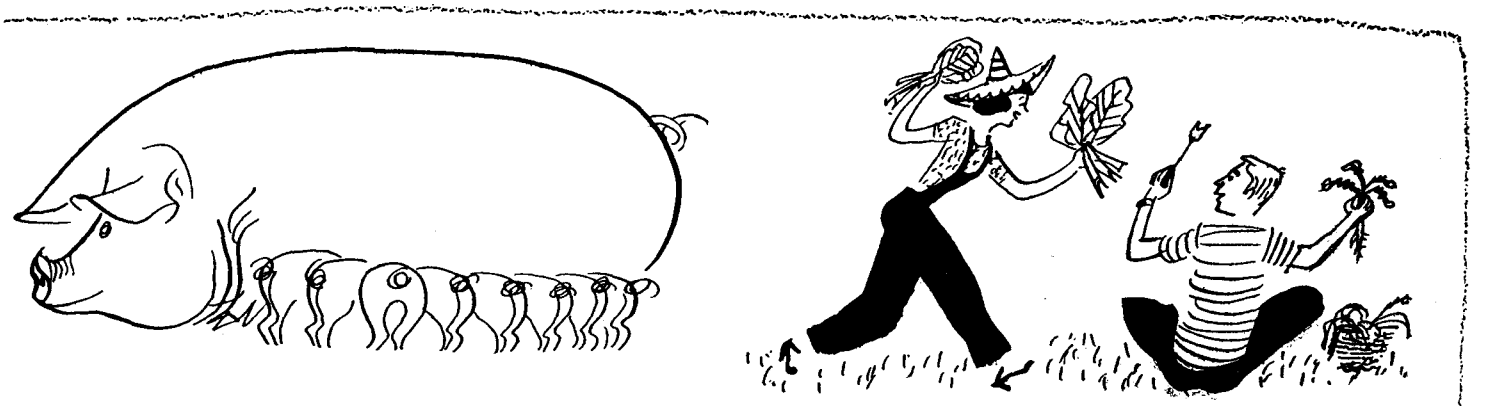
MORE than three years ago in reviewing Roy Bedichek's "Adventures with a Texas Naturalist" for *SRL* I commented that the book provided "an occasion for noting that the great tradition of nature writing is not dead. . . . Because he sees with his mind and his imagination, what he sees has nobility, greatness." There was more in that vein.

The recollection of a past enthusiasm may be embarrassing. That was my case as in a train crossing the Rockies I read "Karánkaway Country." Like its predecessor, it offered the observations and thoughts of a naturalist in Texas; it continued the informal account of various outdoor experiences and what they stirred up in the author's mind. Now, however, the occasional distinction of thought and expression was all but lost in what often seemed more like the garrulity of an old codger. The writing was of the kind that gives the impression of having been dictated but not read, an impression that a writer may properly achieve with pains but never with honesty.

I supposed I had been guilty of credulity three years earlier. Occasional misstatements of fact in the first book came to mind and a crotchety chapter in which Mr. Bedichek concluded on the basis of his own observations in Texas that all who believe that the mockingbird mimics other species are the dupes of a fable without foundation. (Since he must have been informed in the meantime that the lack of mimicry among mockingbirds in some parts of their range is not characteristic of those in most parts, it seemed to me more than careless for him to repeat the charge in this volume.)

On my return home I took "Ad-

(*Continued on page 28*)



—Illustrations by Roger Duvoisin from "Farm Wanted."

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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"What Goes on in America?"

ONLY a few weeks ago in India and Pakistan I was being asked blunt questions about the unity of the American people. "But is the United States really united?" people would say. Or: "Isn't it true that the American people today are deeply split not only on their internal affairs, not only on their foreign policy, but on their very purpose as a nation?"

At a meeting of newspaper editors and publishers in Madras I was asked how India was to support our policies when Americans couldn't even make up their own minds about what those policies are to be. A few days later at a similar meeting in Lahore, Pakistan, the question was put in perhaps its bluntest form: "Why do you Americans bother preparing to fight the Russians? What good will your military efforts do if all your enemy has to do is be patient and then pick up the pieces?" A university student in Calcutta addressed himself to one aspect of our national controversy when he remarked: "I keep reading about your Congressmen and your newspapers who say that America is overrun by Communists. If that is true, why don't you drop your atomic bombs on yourselves and solve the problem in the same way you seem to be wanting to solve it for the rest of the world?"

These questions were perhaps more severe than most that were asked about American unity, but they do reflect the bewilderment and concern abroad about what seems to be an unraveling of our national fabric. If you take the position that you don't care what anyone else thinks about us or that there's no possible connection between American security and world public opinion then questions such as these are easy enough to answer. All you have to do is to shrug your shoulders and politely tell the rest of the world to go hang. But if you believe that friendship with other peoples is as important to the future of America as anything else we are doing or are thinking of doing then these questions have to be met.

The answer, of course, was the obvious one. I tried to explain that the noise and the confusion coming from America were often misleading. These were the grindings and churnings of a democratic people going through the difficult business of making up their mind. The strength of America was in its diversity — diversity not only of peoples but of ideas and methods of expressing or carrying out those ideas. The very essence of America was that public affairs are to be conducted in public. The effect of this is that mistakes too are apt to be made pretty much out in the open. Americans could always depend on their political parties to jump with loud whoops and whooshes on the mistakes of each other or to accuse the other of calamitous mistakes where none existed. If you went into public life you often put your career and your reputation in a political meat-grinder.

It could be, and frequently was, a nasty business; but nastier by far was the business of trying to get along without it. Nothing much was said about an inner balance wheel, but it was there just the same. Tempers were short but so were memories. Public figures could go to bed as national heroes and wake up the next morning as villains and vice versa. True, you could always count on a small crowd of bitter-enders who would cry foul and sulk whenever they lost an election or an issue, but the overwhelming majority of the people played the game and remained remarkably free of recriminations or political intrigue. Energies would go into new fights over new issues rather than into prolonged feuding over matters already on the books. A political campaign is a slaughterhouse for issues and reputations both—while it lasts. But the blood-clotting faculty of the electorate-at-large is unbelievably good. And the pulse beat of the nation remained remarkably steady.

No more serious error could be made, I said, than for other peoples to mistake our wrangles for weakness. Twice before in the past thirty-five year definite assumptions of our inability to pull ourselves together led to historic blunders—costly for those who made them and, unfortunately, costly for the world itself.

THIS roughly was my attempt to create a background for an understanding of disturbing news from America. I have no way of knowing whether it allayed apprehensions or removed doubts. Speaking selfishly, however, I am glad the questions were asked and that I was on the spot day after day trying to answer them. For it gave added depth to the perspective one gains about America when seen at a distance. When you get away from the competitive headlines on the newsstands it is easier to see the real meaning and problems of the nation. It is easier, too, to think about the sum total of America, its people and history both, in sizing up the challenge before us. And it helped to fortify me for the return home, for I came back in the middle of America's greatest public opinion upheaval since President Roosevelt's proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court.

The debate over Korea and China and over the recall of General MacArthur has let loose a continental eruption. The seriousness and scope of the issues involved are as great as any foreign policy question in our history, and the feeling over them is intensified by news of 60,000 Korean casualties. We stand naked before the world in our concern, our grief, and our frustration. Because of this exposure, other countries and other peoples, on the verge of great decisions themselves, may be tempted to action which American unity might otherwise have forestalled. And yet the quickest way to produce that unity would be for others to proceed

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Behold Us in Our Armor

By LeRoy Smith, Jr.

BEHOLD us in our armor;
Behold us sword in hand:
Behold us lying fallen
In alien sand.

For I was Pharaoh's farmer,
And he was Caesar's clown,
And he an English singer
Of young renown.

Behold us dead, our power
Lost crops, lost song, lost laughter:
Behold us lying wasted,
Razed wall and rafter.

And look you in your hour—
See there our false seed growing;
And keep your tears for dreaming,
Your blood for knowing.

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on the assumption that it did not exist.

As for our friends in the world, it is important that their dismay not turn into despair. Much of what has happened in the past few weeks represents a head start on the election campaign of 1952, furnishing a preview of the noise, the exuberance, and the anger we can expect when the political barnstorming begins. This is not to gloss over the basic issues of the present controversy; it is only by way of suggesting that political parties in America suffer very lightly from the compulsions of restraint when faced with political opportunity.

In considering the issues themselves we can recall Lincoln's favorite story about the two political candidates who lost their tempers during a debate and began to wrestle with each other. When the smoke cleared it was seen that each had fought his way into the other's jacket. In the present debate the Republicans are sounding like fire-eating, full-speed-ahead interventionists, and the Democrats are echoing the old caution of the Republicans in warning against unwise and precipitate action that might involve us in world war. Actually, of course, the question of direct action against China is likely to be decided not by political debate in Washington but by China herself. If the Chinese decide to go all-out against us in Korea then the decision will be made for us, as has happened twice before in the past thirty-five years. In this sense this particular aspect of the controversy may have little meaning.

EVEN the image of General MacArthur has been strangely twisted by many of his supporters and opponents in order to suit their own particular stereotypes. The raucous extreme right-wingers, for example, having been sadly in need for some years of leadership and prestige, have seized upon MacArthur's natural flair for military showmanship for their own purposes. They see in him a shiny military hero who would look just fine on a shiny white horse. They believe that what this country needs is someone who can tell people what to do, even if it means that there is to be some kicking around, with the additional prospect of a little blood-letting here and there. The extreme left-wingers use the same stereotype, although they turn it against MacArthur by denouncing him as a would-be dictator and by describing all his supporters as Fascists.

So far as General MacArthur is concerned the only thing wrong with this picture is that it doesn't fit. Indeed, one wonders just how much the vociferous extremists know about the General and his record. It would probably come as a shock to certain elements of the Republican Party, for example, to know that General MacArthur has hit hard and effectively at industrial monopoly and at concentration of industrial power in Japan. His staff has been especially keen in breaking up combinations in restraint of trade, going far beyond anything envisioned in our own Sherman Anti-Trust Act. There has also been a pooling of resources in Japan that would be blasted as pie-eyed Socialism if even hinted at in the United States. Most important of all in Japan has been the land reform program, far more imaginatively conceived and executed than anything the Communists have promised in China or anywhere else. There is no use in blinking the fact: breaking up the old feudal land system and giving land to the tiller is social democratic reform at its best—an approach which has been resisted up to now by those who make the mistake of thinking that if you kill Communists you also kill Communism. Then there is the matter of population control. In the past five years no country in the Far East has done more to meet the dangers of unlimited population growth than Japan under the Occupation. It is important to point this out not only because of the contrast it presents to the political and economic thinking of many who are now riding on General MacArthur's coattails, but as a matter of historical record and fairness. It is possible to pay tribute to this record and yet believe the President took the only course open to him in relieving General MacArthur of his command. For General MacArthur had entered the arena of open debate on the nation's foreign policy. He would have been entirely within his rights in relinquishing his command in order to return to the United States as a private citizen in an effort to influence public opinion. As a military officer, however, he was subject to the same chain of command that he had a right to expect of his subordinate officers. It was not his particular viewpoint which was at issue but the means through which he sought to have that viewpoint accepted.

General MacArthur has pointed to the fact that many military experts agree with his own analysis of the problem. That is probably true. In Korea a few weeks ago I met many officers who privately expressed their concern at being called upon to conduct a military operation in which victory had not been defined. But none of them made public statements or wrote letters about it to organizations or Congressmen which would be made public, the great danger being that those letters could be exploited for partisan political purposes and have the effect of placing the United States before the world as a nation with conflicting foreign policies.

BUT the recall of General MacArthur doesn't by itself answer the question being asked in Korea today by thousands of American soldiers in direct line of fire: How do you end the war? If you reject MacArthur's approach as leading to an even larger conflict in which it is even more difficult to define victory, then it must be recognized that the Government's own position is too indecisive and sketchy to offer reasonable hope that stalemates can lead to settlement. Perhaps the greatest weakness of the State Department's approach is that it runs counter to the history and temperament of the American people. We may be slow in responding to danger, but once we are involved we want to meet the danger head-on and play for a clear-cut decision.

It is therefore essential for the State Department to move from the present policy to one that can command greater support from the people themselves. Our best chance for ending the conflict in Korea as well as for averting the larger conflict now impending is in making of Korea not a token United Nations war but a real United Nations war. If Korea represents a threat to world peace, then it is the job of the United Nations to meet that threat adequately and decisively. If that means a world police force of two million men or five million men or twenty million men, then that is what it means. But the United Nations in order to have such a force must possess powers far beyond those possible within the present structure. The member nations must have compulsory obligations with respect to the problems of a common security. This presents the need to provide the fullest possible development of the United Nations within the shortest possible time.

American leadership toward this objective if conducted with vision and moral stature might help unify not only America but the free peoples of the world. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Has Science Failed?

SIR: Scientists are growing weary of clichés about the failure of "science" to make men behave better—which means, presumably, better than their religions have been able to make them behave. Now Liston Pope ["Man Is the Measure," *SRL* Feb. 10] tells us that "the clay feet of Science the Savior have been exposed." Fine words, signifying nothing!

For two reasons such statements do not make sense. In the first place science is not a body of knowledge by which man can be either saved or damned. Rather, it is an intellectual discipline, a *method* of organizing, extending, and applying knowledge. Secondly, the only field in which this method has been consistently employed is precisely the sole one in which men have made notable progress.

It is true that claims have been made for the possibilities of "science" that have not been realized. But it is also true that we have never permitted these claims to be tested. The methods that have yielded such brilliant results in the physical and natural sciences would unquestionably produce equally revolutionary effects if applied to ourselves and our social institutions. For they eliminate most of the factors that cause our personal and social conflicts—such factors as blind impulse, tradition, hearsay, myth, "unimpeachable" authority, etc. They require a clear distinction between verifiable fact and mere assertion. And they have no concern with that greatest of human will-of-the-wisps, the search for absolutes.

One needs no vivid imagination to picture what would happen to business, politics, education, religions, and the structure of society in general if the discipline of science were applied to them. The effects would no doubt be salutary if painful. But until some attempt is made in this direction it is mere rhetoric to talk about the "failure" of science.

MALCOLM H. BISSELL.

Calistoga, Calif.

To Fight Famine

SIR: Being very seriously concerned over the famine situation in India, I read with gratitude Norman Cousins's editorial "Tell It to Arun" [*SRL* Mar. 31]. I feel strongly that it is time for *individuals* to do something to help fellow human beings who are facing starvation.

To that end I called the Indian Consulate and was told that food packages may be sent to the Minister, Department of Food, Madras, India. Foods most needed are rice, sugar, and whole-wheat flour. Packages should be marked "Free Food Gift Parcel—Famine Relief" and should not weigh more than twenty-two pounds. Two copies of customs form 2966 (obtainable free at any post office) must be attached to each package. Alternately, packages may be sent at a cost of $10 via CARE, 20 Broad Street, New York City.

I am aware that the situation in India is not entirely innocent of political maneuvering, but those suffering are not maneuverers.

PATRICIA MACGILL.

New York, N. Y.

"Sometimes I wish I were a boy so I wouldn't have to wear blue jeans."

SIR: Why was the article on the starving Indians withheld from publication so long? Even had the Senators voted in favor of the wheat, it gives a vivid glimpse into the suffering there which most of us are beyond visualizing and of which we all should become aware.

Also, it could have happened that individuals reading it would have been moved enough to be spurred to activity such as putting pressure on their Congressmen *before* a final negative vote was carried. Even had the bill been passed in favor of the wheat, the reading of the article would have been an affirmation of action.

Through waiting, it is possible that you weakened your chance to color public opinion.

MARY SHORE.

Gloucester, Mass.

Postal Irritations

SIR: Harrison Smith's excellent discussion of discrimination in the present postal system [*SRL* Mar. 10] tempts me to list a number of irritations and inadequacies in this rapidly disintegrating service.

I receive numerous books and magazines through the mail, and in addition to the generally rising cost of book postage I have found that delivery, while costing more, is frequently delayed. Books now arrive anywhere from ten days to two weeks after they are posted. Every so often my *SRL*, which I used to receive on the following Monday, appears from one to six days later, as do other weekly and monthly magazines. And first-class mail from the East now takes four days instead of three.

I have been told by people in the post office that if the service seems to me inadequate I should write to my Congressman, the implication being, as I understand it, that the sudden relaxation of efficiency following the cut in the postal department's budget is a variety of slow-down strike to force Congress to restore the amount cut. This, it seems to me, is no solution at all. Instead, I would suggest the entire postal system be revamped.

ELIZABETH SHAFER.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Quality and Quantity

SIR: One of the flourishing fallacies in the literary world is the plaint that American writers (compared with European, of course) seldom fulfil their early promise, seldom produce a reputable body of work during their lifetimes. This seems to be a favorite attitude of youngish book reviewers and presidents of collegiate literary societies. Writers know better. They know that literature is made up of books, good and great. It doesn't matter to literature if a book represents some author's flash-in-the-pan. Let's face it. Many authors have shot their bolt after only one book, regardless of what they publish later.

It doesn't matter to literature if a good book is the product of a writer's youth, middle, or old age. Sheer volume of output won't get a writer into the Hall of Fame. Why impose a formal design, a biological structure, a production graph upon such an unpredictable entity as the cerebral and emotional relationship between a writer and his subject matter?

ED MCNAMARA.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

SHIRLEY BOOTH TO THE RESCUE

ALTHOUGH as a novel "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"* was very much Betty Smith's affair, it belongs as a musical comedy almost entirely to Shirley Booth. Not that I have anything against Miss Booth. Far from it. Or that I am foolish enough to believe the libretto for a song-and-dance show is honor bound to be faithful to every comma and semicolon of the work of fiction from which it is derived. Nonetheless, something essential to the spirit and merit of Miss Smith's novel seems to me to have been lost in the book which she and George Abbott have whittled from it.

In its tunesmith version "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" has ceased to be the story, poignantly written and authentically observed, of Katie's marriage to Johnny Nolan, an ingratiating but characterless alcoholic, and become a carnival for Cissy, Katie's uninhibited sister. The agonies, tenderness, toughness, and courage of tenement living have disappeared or been diluted by being restated in slick Broadway terms. Even the tree of the title, the Tree of Heaven, which served Miss Smith as the symbol of what can grow anywhere under the worst conditions, is left unexplained. The narrative in its present form has lost the focus it once had in Francie, the little daughter of the Nolans, a focus which the movie managed to preserve. The whole approach has been vulgarized, an objection I raise not out of prudery but because the touch is heavy, obvious, and commonplace where it needs to be witty and where in the original it was salty, healthy, and true. I miss the immigrant grandmother who was the Gibraltar of her struggling family. I miss, too, in Johnny Johnston a Johnny Nolan possessed of sufficient charm to explain Katie's remaining with him in spite of his broken promises and his failures.

In the interests of fairness let me at once point out that the first-night audience seemed untroubled by these changes and losses. So did most of my critical colleagues. Their reviews purred with pleasure. Yet, to be honest, I found myself grumbling, if not growling, at much of what was happening. Or, worse still, battling against yawns. Just when the yawns were on the verge of triumphing, however, Miss Booth would be kind enough to reappear. Thereupon I would wake up with a bang, and so would the show. For Miss Booth is one of the most gifted actresses our theatre boasts. She is one of the few who, to my knowledge, has never been guilty of a bad performance. To say that her Cissy is among the best things she has done is only another way of saying that its excellences are outstanding and irresistible.

Miss Booth's has been an odd career if for no other reason than that, though people connected with the stage have long since admired her, it is only of recent years that the general public has come to recognize her for the actress she is. No doubt what has delayed this recognition is that in the decade following her New York debut in "Hell's Bells" in 1925 she had the misfortune to appear in a series of plays, many of which closed so swiftly that only the more agile theatregoers got to see her.

Thereafter, Miss Booth's luck improved and little by little, but still with surprising slowness considering her skill, she won an ever-growing group of admirers because of her contributions to such successes as "Three Men on a Horse," "Excursion," "The Philadelphia Story," "My Sister Eileen," "Tomorrow the World," and "Goodbye, My Fancy." Even in these plays, properly acclaimed in them as she was, Miss Booth was condemned to acting more or less secondary parts. Indeed, it was not until last season when she appeared with Sidney Blackmer in "Come Back, Little Sheba" that she achieved stardom and garnered the drawerful of awards which for years she had deserved.

Although Miss Booth is the least classical of actresses, Richard Watts, Jr., in writing about her as Cissy was forced to confess that "in a pinch, I suppose, she could even play Juliet." I think I know exactly what he means. In addition to her having created in all of us a strong suspicion that she can do anything, there is something lyrical about her which, however stifled it may have been by her prosaic assignments, has nevertheless shone through the drabbest or most disillusioned of her characterizations.

HERE is an accent closer to the Five Boroughs than to fair Verona. Like many another of us, she appears to prefer cement to silos. If she is as city-loving as a Cockney, her voice has its individual music. It creates its own Bow Bells every time she speaks. Wonderful as it is as a release for humor, it is no less colorful as an expression of passion.

The actual range granted Miss Booth

—*Eileen Darby, Graphic House.*

Shirley Booth—"no mistaking the tenderness."

**A TREE GROW'S IN BROOKLYN, a new musical based on Betty Smith's novel. Book by Betty Smith and George Abbott. Music by Arthur Schwartz. Lyrics by Dorothy Fields. Directed by Mr. Abbott. Scenery by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Irene Sharaff. Choreography by Herbert Ross. Musical supervision by Jay Blackton. Presented by Mr. Abbott in association with Robert Fryer. With a cast including Shirley Booth, Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, Nathaniel Frey, Nomi Mitty, Lou Wills, Jr., etc. At the Alvin Theatre, New York City. Opened April 19, 1951.*

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Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
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DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
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Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
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Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
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WRITERS' WORKSHOP
CHAUTAUQUA, NEW YORK
July 23-August 10, 1951
Poetry, John Holmes. Fiction, Margaret Widdemer. Non-fiction, Carl Carmer. Writing for children—Elizabeth B. Carmer. Editing bulletins and group magazines, Anne W. Passel. For catalog write Ruth M. Skinner, Registrar,
CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION, Chautauqua, N.Y.

by the parts which have so far come her way may have been somewhat limited, but they have demonstrated her extraordinary versatility. No one since Jean Dixon has been able to discharge wisecracks or flit-gun dialogue with her effectiveness. Yet, expert as she is at comedy and hard-boiled as she can be, there is no mistaking the tenderness behind her toughness or the depth beneath her laughter. Both of these are as magical as they are unexpected. Both add enormously to the texture and the interest of her playing. Perhaps this communication of smothered, inarticulate emotion which underwrites her moments of gaiety or fatuousness explains why in the more desperate crises of "Come Back, Little Sheba" Miss Booth was able to suggest very much the same baffled and cornered tragedy at which Pauline Lord excelled.

Cissy is the sort of part which provides audiences and Miss Booth with a field day. She is a woman whose fondness for males knows no bounds and who is unhampered by the usual bothersome conventions. Cissy is an innocent accustomed to living innocently in sin. As such she would be a threat to professionals if only she were not kept an incredible amateur by her mothering instinct for men no less than children. She is a fresher, more vital, turn-of-the-century version of Dorothy Parker's "Big Blonde." There is also a good deal of Chekhov's "The Darling" about her.

"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" being now a musical comedy, Miss Booth is inevitably asked to dance and sing as well as act. She takes to these new releases with all-conquering buoyancy. As a dancer she may not have displaced Zorina. As a singer she may not as yet have developed a voice to capture Rudolph Bing's ear. But she throws herself into her dance routines with jubilant and contagious energy, and she applies herself to piping some of Arthur Schwartz's gayer songs with such abandon that every number entrusted to her stops the show.

As I have hinted, my own enjoyment of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" was largely limited to the sheer joy given me by Miss Booth. I also respected the very lovely-looking Marcia Van Dyke's honest and touching performance of Katie Nolan and Nathaniel Frey's quite humorous playing of the man who in a manner of speaking is Cissy's husband. Then and there, however, the fun I had at this musical-comedy restatement of Miss Smith's novel came to an abrupt end. As far as I am concerned (fortunately mine appears to be a lonely opinion) the "Tree" that was supposed to flourish anywhere has become the victim of a blight.

—John Mason Brown.

ROXY
7th Ave. & 50th St.
Doors Open
10:30 A.M.
The heart, the drama, the thrills of the BEN HOGAN Story!
FOLLOW THE SUN
GLENN FORD · ANNE BAXTER · DENNIS O'KEEFE · JUNE HAVOC
On Stage
20th CENTURY-FOX
"DOING THE TOWN"
starring
FLORIAN ZABACH
and his "Hot Canary" Violin
FRED and SUSAN BARRY
JAY MARSHALL
Extra! GENE MARVEY

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
starring
FREDRIC MARCH · FLORENCE ELDRIDGE · JANE WYATT
ETHEL GRIFFIES · KENT SMITH
the Autumn Garden
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
CORONET Theatre, W. 49th St.
EVES. 8:40, MATS. WED. & SAT.

"A lusty comedy"—ATKINSON, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
The ROSE TATTOO
A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
with MAUREEN STAPLETON · ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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TV and Radio

BE-BOP, BLOOD, AND BLUDGEON

WHAT IS your preference in whodunits—the psychological suspense story or the hard-boiled school? (Maybe *SRL* will poll you one of these days to find out.) Inferential evidence nearest at hand is a 1948 survey by *The Pleasures of Publishing*, a Columbia University Press publication. The bulletin revealed that 77 per cent of the authors, college teachers, librarians, editors, publishers, and booksellers who read *The Pleasures of Publishing* peruse 4.8 detective stories a month. Their most favored type of mordant literature, according to the survey, is "the suave, drawing-room opus, where the detective wears a monocle and commits epigrams between slayings."

Your frustration factor is probably low if you share this group's preference for the suave, for H. A. Overstreet, author of "The Mature Mind," tells us that "boredoms, disappointments, and apathies . . . make adults, by and large, unresponsive to any drama in life except 'shock drama'; also . . . latent hostilities . . . make adults, by and large, draw guilty satisfaction from the ill fortunes of others." Your high and fortunate degree of fulfillment would tend to keep you away from the radio-TV "be-bops." (A "be-bop" is not exclusively a jazz style: it is also a crime program in which somebody gets "bopped" over the head: all crime programs are "be-bops.")

My slide rule has just quickly counted at least fifty be-bops available during an average week on channel and dial; certainly there are more. From "Martin Kane," "Charlie Wild," and "Hannibal Cobb" by way of "Space Cadet"—a planetary be-bop—to "Counterspy," "Rogues Gallery," and "This Is Your FBI" (not to be confused with "Armstrong of the SBI" or "Your FBI in Peace and War") the way of the video-audio violent is marked by hammer and bong, thud and blast, blood, bludgeon, and bloat. The airlanes where dwelleth the mass man are no place for the effete who like to take their catharsis with calipers.

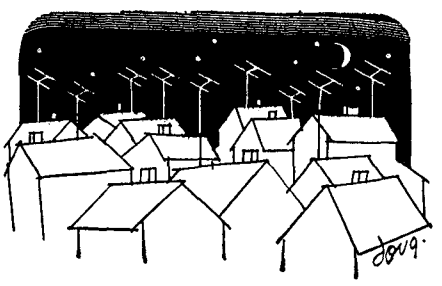
Brutality in drama is not an evil thing in itself, of course. The Greeks and the Elizabethans, greatest of all dramatists, knew their way around a corpse: Homer was not happy without heaps of them and Shakespeare relished killing one twice. The distinction is a matter of degree and manner. There are awe and grandeur in "The Iliad" and sublime poetry in "Macbeth." The be-bop of Grimm and Poe is art: the be-bop of "Inner Sanctum" and "Gangbusters" is lucrative work if you can get it.

I have a recommendation to make to the *SRL* ilk of *The Pleasures of Publishing* 77 per centers described above. Some night while you are carefully studying the scene-of-the-crime map on the inner covers of 1.2 of your monthly 4.8 manicured whodunits your lamp may blow a fuse. Your narcotic need for release will remain impressive, demanding supply. With incalculable reluctance and the aid of a flashlight you will find yourself breathing hard before a loudspeaker.

I give you three radio-TV be-bops for so dark a night. Tune in CBS for "The Line Up" if it is Tuesday; dial NBC for "Big Story" if the crisis occurs on a Wednesday; NBC-TV for the video version of the same program on a Friday; and try NBC for "Dragnet" if Thursday is the ill-begotten time.

The operation will be an emergency tactic at best, you must understand. These three approved be-bops are not distinguished by any fresh situations, unusual charm of characterization, or special quality of production. I believe these three to be superior be-bops because more than the run-of-the-morgue variety they are compounded to some degree of authenticity (I was about to say "truth"—a different thing). Authenticity, if not always rewarding, is at least not offensive.

"Big Story" is based on the actual adventures of American newspaper reporters who hunt headlines by helping to catch criminals. In the April 18 radio edition Henry Reno, a *Miami Herald* reporter, assisted the police in identifying and drawing a confession from a culprit who killed a blonde in a motel and hung another man upside down in a closet after blasting his face off with a shotgun. I hasten to add that the Alan Sloane script demonstrated that newspaper reporters are not only patient, hard-working leg men with capacities for imagination but also that they occasionally call upon accredited officers of the law for help in extra-curricular derring-do.



"The Line Up" and "Dragnet" give an at-long-last fair shake to the detectives who actually do the routine, underpaid, and often dangerous job of municipal enforcement. No glamorous FBI or Treasury Department operators here, no phoney, tight-lipped, private eyes; just men on a job, carefully and methodically using the unromantic tools of modern crime detection, sticking within the law and finally "making the pinch," which could quickly and violently turn into a funeral for them.

"The Line Up" opens and closes with a police sergeant's voice speaking at a routine morning session, but no further use of the device is made. The story is told in conventional scene structure. The program's pair of detectives made the April 17 pinch—a violent one—after tracking a killer who preyed on young couples frequenting lovers' lanes.

"Dragnet" is the best be-bop currently on the air. It affects—and carries off very well—a documentary style. A narrator—again one of a pair of detectives (how craven! Sam Spade and Man Against Crime always work alone)—leads you in and out of rapid scenes played in a terse, monotone, and effective key.

The dragnet was out April 12 for two hoodlums who slugged, robbed, and intimidated their victims into silence, thus making it impossible to prosecute the brutal thieves even after they were apprehended. The program featured real cop lingo such as the mysterious but undoubtedly authentic "M.O.," "APB," and "stakeout." It also dealt in such believable items as grand jury true bills of indictment and charges that were dismissed because of lack of a complaining witness and just plain nondescript bail. The program showed admirable restraint at the climax. The tandem pair of detectives had tracked their quarry to his hideout and were all ready to "make the pinch" when they got word that the killer, not in the hideout at all, had been picked up in another part of the city on a minor traffic violation. Shades of "Mr. and Mrs. North"!

We hope that the mass media will stop using the criminal as a rich whipping boy some day and that be-bop will become an opportunity to disseminate some humane and socially useful insights into crime. Until that judgment day I give you, in the order of personal preference, "Dragnet," "The Line Up," and "The Big Story."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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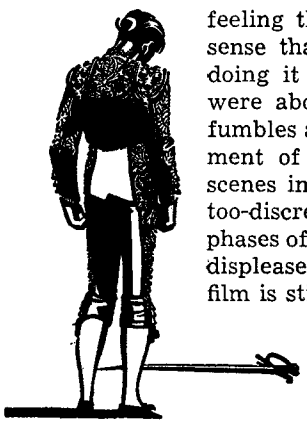
SRL Goes to the Movies

BOEUF A LA MODE

HOLLYWOOD producers have always been notably reluctant to break new paths. Working on the axiom that nothing succeeds like a past success, they tend to follow in each other's footsteps ad infinitum. But let one studio come up with something new and potentially profitable and immediately a good portion of the pack is at its corporate heels scrambling to be first at the box office with their version of the story. The main difficulty, of course, is that three or four pictures on any one theme in as many months usually prove to be more than enough. Perfectly good movie material, material which if spread over a greater period could easily sustain an infinite number of variations, is played out in a relatively short time. The public, "tired of beef, determines to tackle the mutton." This month, as it happens, the beef is being served. Both Columbia and Republic have arranged sizable platters of good red meat—and it is difficult to choose between them. Columbia's offering, "The Brave Bulls," is easily the more elaborate of the two. But "The Bullfighter and the Lady," though relatively modest, is still a mighty tasty dish and in at least one respect superior to its more costly competitor.



—By Tom Lea from "The Brave Bulls."

That respect is the success with which it conveys to the American moviegoer some sense of what bullfighting means to the Mexican *aficionado*. To him the bullfight is more than a sport, more than an art: it is a philosophy. And though Tom Lea, author of "The Brave Bulls," wrote much of that philosophy into his novel, very little of it turns up in the film adaptation. In Lea's book it was largely conversation; in "The Bullfighter and the Lady" that meaning becomes part of the story line. A young American athlete (Robert Stack) visiting in Mexico tries his hand with the bulls, partially to win the attention of a lady. Tutored by an aging matador—brilliantly brought to life by Gilbert Roland—he becomes proficient enough to turn professional. The girl tries to distinguish for him the difference between American competitive sports and the dramatic self-revelation of the bullfight, but it is his final encounter with a bull in the ring that provides the understanding words somehow could not convey.

All of this has been caught in strikingly handsome, wonderfully atmospheric camera work. Stack's training period as a bullfighter, the scenes where the young bulls are tested for bravery, the strong perspectives just outside the bull ring after the American has disgraced himself—these all evidence more than a casual familiarity. There is a good feeling throughout this film, a sense that its makers enjoyed doing it and knew what they were about. And if the script fumbles a bit in the early statement of its characters, if the scenes in the bull ring draw a too-discreet veil over some phases of the contest that might displease local SPCAs, the film is still a taut and thrilling experience. Budd Boetticher as writer, director, and associate producer deserves special commendation not only for turning out a superior picture on a low budget but also for the first time revealing Robert Stack as an interesting young actor.

"The Brave Bulls" is neither better nor worse than "The Bullfighter and the Lady"; rather, it moves in another direction. Like the novel, it tells the story of Luis Bello, a great matador who loses his courage and finds it again. Its concern is less with the sport than with the people who fight it and consequently there is a depth to "The Brave Bulls" that the other picture lacks. But in attempting to follow the structure of the book, threading together the stories of Luis Bello, of Eladio Gomez, the impresario of the bull ring at Cuenca, and El Brujo, the brave bull, the structure of the film becomes loose-jointed, interrupted by seeming irrelevancies. Undue weight is given the love affair between Fuentes (Anthony Quinn) and Linda (Miroslava), the girl that Luis loves. And even when all the loose ends are finally gathered together at the climactic fight in the arena at Cuenca the total effect is still one of unnecessary diffuseness.

As an over-all view of what a bullfight is, however, "The Brave Bulls" is the next best thing to a trip to Mexico. The fight material, filmed in close with top professional matadors, is superbly exciting. For one thing, Director Robert Rossen has permitted more detail in his film than Boetticher. For another, Mel Ferrer makes his tortured Luis Bello especially convincing in the ring scenes. Many of the minor roles—particularly José Torvay as Eladio Gomez and Eugene Iglesias as Pepe Bello, Luis's brother—are also well turned. Together "The Brave Bulls" and "The Bullfighter and the Lady" serve well to introduce to Americans Mexico's national sport. Inevitably there will be others to fill us in on details.

* * *

In "Five" (Columbia) ex-radio writer Arch Oboler tries to show what might happen after the world is destroyed by atom bombs. Only five survive Oboler's holocaust and somehow they all make their way to the same corner of California to start life anew. One, a tired bank clerk, dies almost immediately; it might have been difficult to find an excuse for him in this brave new world. Another, a Negro, is killed a short time later, thus disposing of the race problem. And Eric, a superman type, succumbs to radiation poisoning just as he is about to spoil things for Roseanne and Michael, two plain human beings. Oboler had a challenging idea and the opportunity to work it out ad lib. Unfortunately he never rose to his own challenge.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

The Brave Bulls: Reviewed in this issue.

The Bullfighter and the Lady: Reviewed in this issue.

Tales of Hoffmann: Laudable experiment in combining three arts (opera, ballet, and motion picture), with Robert Rounseville and a notable cast of dancers in excellent, dubbed-in voice. (*SRL* April 28.)

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science-adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia, thrillingly photographed by 16mm. amateur camera, and narrated with great dry wit by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

Teresa: A G.I. takes his Italian war bride (the Discovery, Pier Angeli) back to the old tenement and other torments in a film authenticated by Veterans Administration files. (*SRL* April 14.)

You're in the Navy Now: Risible experiences of landlubbers manning an experimental wartime vessel for the Navy. (*SRL* April 7.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

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In the Ring with El Señor Toro

ELOISE PERRY HAZARD

"THE city of Cuenca is rimmed around three sides by blue mountains. It sits down in a valley cup, mellow in the sunshine of Mexican December. During the week the curved wall of the bullring is dead and lonesome, a big cement circle around nothing at all. . . . But on Sunday afternoons during the season the curve of the wall comes to life and pulls into itself something alive, full of juice and strong feeling."

As the guest of Columbia Pictures I spent two weeks on location in Mexico last year with the company that was turning "The Brave Bulls" into a movie and the day I arrived I saw that evocative opening of Tom Lea's novel materialize before my eyes—only the blue-rimmed little city was named San Miguel de Allende; it was a post-season Thursday in June, and the fights had been arranged as a benefit, according to some Government ruling, with the film company furnishing the bulls, matadors, picadors, and all the appurtenances for four bona fide fights.

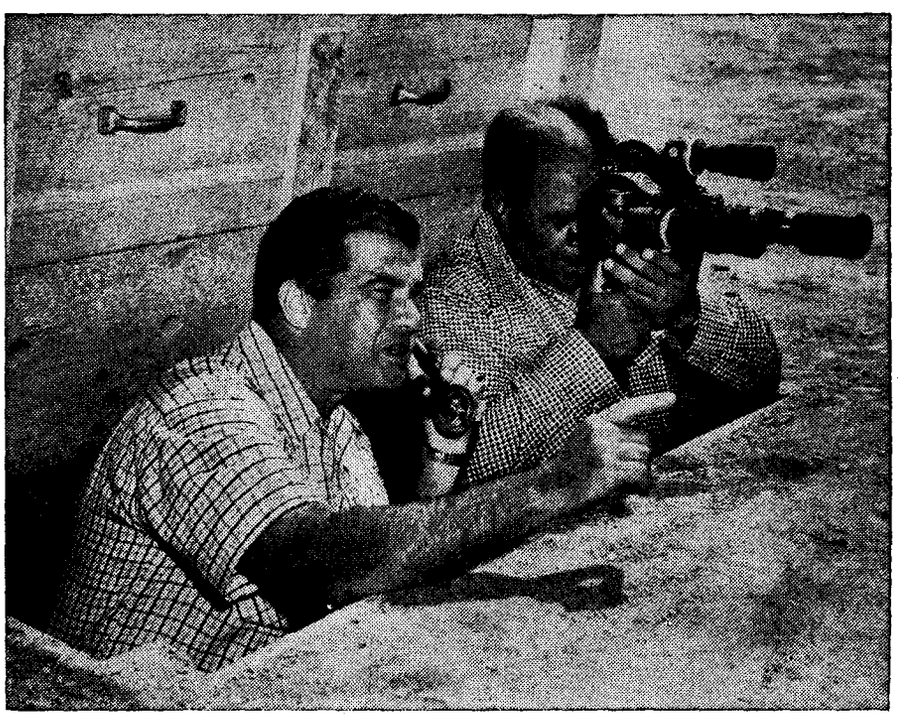
It is a scene shrill with color, a bullfight—strong-hued pageantry, crimson wounds, glare of sunlight, blare of trumpet—and what would seem more of a natural for splendiferous Technicolor? Yet the movie is filmed entirely in black-and-white. Explained Cameraman James Wong Howe, "There are two types of photography: beautiful, romantic, well thought-out —*that* would not fit this picture; and realistic, sharp, good, black-and-white contrasts, so you can feel the sun, well-defined lines, almost like woodcutting—*that* is what was required. The bullfight audience will furnish the color." Added Producer-Director Robert Rossen, "Mexico did not pull the wool over my eyes. I was not taken in by the lovely clouds. I tried my best to understand Mexico and bullfighting from the point of view of the Mexicans and I believe the picture will truly reflect an important phase of Mexican life. But bullfighting is a grim, realistic business, which color would inevitably romanticize. Instead, I've filmed it so raw it jumps right out of the screen at you."

Mr. Rossen's reaction, though typically American (there is a saying that one has to be Latin to understand this medieval ritual of death), is widely at variance with the romantic glow cast on the subject by the author of the book, which in two years has become a classic in blood-and-sand literature. Mr. Lea, who had a Mexican-border childhood to draw on and then spent two adult years learning all he could about the bulls and ring lore, presumably is not upset by this divergence in attitude. In the role of technical adviser he did not demur at the Rossen treatment.

The rawness of which the director speaks is somewhat watered down for U. S. audiences. Our Production Code forbids scenes of animal killings, and the American Humane Society had representatives on hand to guard against "brutality"—as though bullfights were counterparts of American sports and not inherently brutal spectacles. Moviegoers in other countries will see the climax of the four-act drama, as we did—an ignominious sight of noble beast twitching in its death throes and dragged from the ring by stolid, flag-bedecked mules.

Anyone who has ever waved a red rag at a bull or even watched a corrida from the safety of a seat in the stands probably will wonder how the movies manage to mix actors and bulls at close range. In "The Bulls" it is not entirely a question of screen doubles. (Incidentally, I forgot all the trickery while seeing the finished movie and I don't believe foreknowledge will spoil it for anyone.) With two exceptions all the players you see in costume are ring professionals. Mel Ferrer, the star, and Eugene Iglesias, a featured player, had to learn to bear and move gracefully within the twenty-pound gold- and silver-encrusted torero "suit of lights." That was comparatively easy. The difficult lessons involved handling the implements of the fight—that is, passably enough to be photographed making passes with the cape, flourishing banderillas, wielding death with the sword. But not in close encounter with a live bull!

THE same sort of wheelbarrowlike contraption with bull's head mounted high that is used to instruct novelleras was the artful dodge employed in some of the scenes. A spongy watermelon sitting on a pillow on a cameraman's lap substituted for bull's shoulders in banderilla episodes—the audience sees only Ferrer's or Iglesias's raised arms and plunging barbs. Newsreel stock shots were dubbed in occasionally, and professional bullfighters with cameras strapped at their waists produced the illusion in others. About this Jimmie Howe said: "The camera was fixed so the fighter automatically turned it as his body turned; you just see that bull go right by you, even under the cape and all." Pit shots from a wooden box sunk in the center of the bullring at San Miguel were another subterfuge. At first Jimmie thought he would use a



—*Lippmann.*

Director Robert Rossen and a Mexican cameraman on "The Brave Bulls"—"grim business."

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telescope lens. But he soon found it slowed up action. "That way with a bull coming toward you you lose perspective, so I used a wide-angle lens and the bull keeps getting bigger and bigger until he goes right over your head."

Mr. Rossen has used again the realistic techniques which proved so successful in the case of the film "All the King's Men" that it broke out in a rash of Academy awards last year. In San Miguel he set up his cameras and sound tracks in a busy street, stopped natives on their way to market with their burros, and hired them to move in and out of montage scenes. He has discovered that an average citizen performs perfectly without rehearsal when the story up to the point of action is explained. San Miguel residents —men, women, children, babies—were hired by the hundreds day after day to sit in the arena and act spontaneously. Shot in Hollywood with extras this $2,000,000 movie would have cost $5,000,000, Rossen estimated, "and you could not get the same results." A pathetic sidelight on this was the crowd that collected outside the plaza gate daily, sitting in a solemn phalanx a block long and from walled yards to street middle (a cobbled street at that), hoping long after hiring had ceased that they, too, might come by some of the American money.

The natives' poverty and squalor haunt me yet, but part of my pleasure in watching the movie recently here in New York derived from seeing familiar sights and faces. The Mexican production crew up-country with us were gay and fun, the professional ring-men friendly, if gravely polite. San Miguel is a jewel among colonial villages. The bells of its famous churches call and answer across the valley; its bullring crumbles pinkly back to dust. The plaza at Mexico City seems like a city cousin—sleeker, deeper, newly gray, and spoiling with works of commercial admen.

Practically every moment of the fourteen days — one week of them spent in the metropolis and environs—was fascinating. Boredom set in occasionally, particularly inside the Churubusco Studios when large amounts of time seemed to be awasting on preparations for scenes that turned out to be minute (some of which landed on the cutting-room floor). But those moments were fleeting, and there was plenty to be amused about, not the least of which for an outsider was the yessing that went on in the vicinity of Mister Rossen ("Bob" to no one but his associate producer and his top cameraman, Howe), in marked contrast to *SRL*, where we often contradict the boss and sometimes even prevail over him.

THE LAND

(Continued from page 19)

ventures with a Texas Naturalist" down from its shelf and refreshed my faltering memory of its distinction. No, the change was not in me. The inspiration was still there, the wealth of observation, the intellectual curiosity, and the breadth of mind. There, too, was the evidence of an artistic care and a reverence absent from the new book.

Mr. Bedichek is a man advanced in years. "Adventures," however, was apparently his first book. Into it he crowded the accumulated experiences, reflections, and conclusions of a lifetime. He must have approached its composition prayerfully, as a man who prepares the intellectual testament by which he hopes to crown and justify his career. He took a year's leave of absence, in fact, and lived like a hermit for the purpose of writing it. What went into that first book was his life. That left little, perhaps, except increased self-confidence for the composition of a second memoir.

"Karánkaway Country" deals chiefly with personal observations and adventures on the coast of Texas below Galveston. There are chapters on the last remnant of the almost extinct whooping crane, on the destruction of Texas by the exposure of its soil to erosion, on racoons, on camping out, and so forth. Mr. Bedichek has the gift of being interesting, whatever he has to say. This is not a bad book at all, as books go. A man's past achievements, however, put him under obligation and he must take the consequences.

"Adventures with a Texas Naturalist" is still one of the best nature books of many years. It is well worth rereading.

Louis J. Halle, Jr., is the author of "Birds Against Men," "Spring in Washington," and other books on nature.

Arboreal Drama

A NATURAL HISTORY OF TREES of Eastern and Central North America. By Donald Culross Peattie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 606 *pp.* $5.

By Norman Taylor

SOME years back it was fashionable among the former botanical colleagues of Donald Culross Peattie to grouse about his "purple prose." They forgot that, trained in science, he had a vision that most scientists lack—the ability to paint often dusty facts in glowing colors. That facility is rare among scientists, for it is not easy to state facts in such a way that they are no longer dull statements of everyday things. No better illustration of this could be found than his "Natural History of Trees." "Natural history" as a term is nearly obsolete, but the concept behind it fills a need for the ordinary intelligent reader that no "Manual" or "Flora" ever can fill. For it is both natural and a history.

The book could have easily have been a mere description of the trees, of their natural ranges, and of facts about flowering and fruiting; there are already dozens of such books on the market. It does contain all these facts and is on this score the best modern tree book. All the new information which busy botanists have uncovered regarding extension of known natural ranges are here, properly credited to their authentic sources.

If Peattie had stopped here there would be no need for further comment. But he has unearthed a mass of tree history, nothing to do with science but whetting the appetite for more and uncovering facets of American history little known and often ignored. Where else can one read the dramatic story of the white pine and what it did to early American culture? Who knows that Daniel Boone, a better trapper than scholar, once cut on a beech tree in Tennessee this choice bit of Americana: "D. Boone cilled a Bear On Tree in Year 1790." And even experienced cabinetmakers may not know that huge forest-grown black walnut has a different grain from modern trees harvested from the open. He cites as a fine illustration of the earlier form the "great secretary of President Jackson, to be seen in 'The Hermitage' near Nashville, at which he wrote his sizzling and misspelled correspondence."

In addition to the description of the commoner trees of the Northeastern and Central states there is in the appendix a key for their identification. This is a model of simplicity, for it avoids such befuddling flights, common to most manuals, as "ovary inferior" or "seed without endosperm."

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There are also a glossary of the few technical terms that are unavoidable and indexes of English and Latin names. Excellent illustrations help to make tree-finding as simple as possible.

Some experts will carp a little over the inclusion of so many hawthorns, but the genus *Crataegus* has been a nightmare ever since C. S. Sargent uncovered hundreds of "species" by dint of knowing too much about too little. Others will wonder why Peattie omitted the incomparable cypress, for it has along the Coastal Plain much the same range as the Loblolly Pine, which he rightly includes. Another feature, which will raise the gorge of some, is Umbrellatree for Umbrella Tree.

Such flyspecks upon a notable volume do not matter. What matters most is that Peattie has produced by far the most readable and authentic tree book of recent years and done it with style and scholarship.

Norman Taylor wrote "Taylor's Encyclopedia of Flight from Reality."

Land Notes

LAND PROBLEMS AND POLICIES. By John Timmons and W. G. Murray. Iowa State College Press, Ames. $4. This is a collection of provocative lectures on the future of American farms, land, and wildlife and their vital relationships to the rest of us. It was edited from discussions held at the Land Economics Institute at Iowa State College during the summer of 1949. Its importance to economists and students of land-policy and population-trends is signified by the fact that the book is published under a grant from the Farm Foundation.

The fifteen rural problems cited are discussed by such authorities as Dr. Warren Thompson, director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems, Charles Kellogg and H. E. Bennett, the famed conservationists, Ira Gabrielson of the Wildlife Management Institute, O. B. Jesness, the author-economist of the University of Minnesota, and Joseph Ackerman, associate director of the Farm Foundation.

The over-all theme of the book is indicated by Dr. Ackerman in his chapter on Family Farm Problems, when he says: "Farmers generally are in a stronger financial position than they have been for years. Heretofore they have used their incomes for the expansion of their businesses and have capitalized on some of the increased income and land values. But perhaps it is time to encourage increased income for better living, better homes, better institutions, and

better citizens in a free democracy."

Inasmuch as two-thirds of the world's peoples are farmers American land-policies and rural developments will play an increasingly important role in the struggle between Communism and democracy. This book can be of abiding reference value to anyone interested in this great battlefield of the "cold war."

A NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL POLICY. By Leonard Hastings Schoff and the Columbia University Seminar on Rural Life. Harper. $2.50. At luncheon meetings in the Men's Faculty Club on the heights above Harlem each Wednesday the dozen members of Columbia University's Rural Life Seminar debate the current trends and historic policies of American life beyond the suburbs—the people of the billion acres of farmland responsible for foodstuffs, raw materials, and water. The panel includes such prime thinkers and rural specialists as Edmund deS. Brunner, Frank Tannenbaum, Harry J. Carman, Frank W. Cyr, Clarence H. Danhoff, and John D. Millett. But none shows keener perception of basic agricultural problems and trends than its outstanding layman, Leonard Hastings Schoff, president of a Pennsylvania worsted mill by profession and amateur rural-economist by choice.

This book is Dr. Schoff's brilliant analysis of the basic economic and social problems confronting rural America today plus his recommendations for a long-range national policy to halt the trend toward bureaucratic control and perpetual subsidy. His conclusions are based on a decade of research plus two years of prolonged debate with other members of the seminar—debates which have often delayed some of the two o'clock classes at Teachers College.

Seeking to determine "a national agricultural policy for all the people of the United States, in place of policies which might benefit one or two groups of the population at the expense of the rest of the country," Dr. Schoff proposes new capital formation for the movement of excess farm population out of professional agriculture, a flexible program of parity price support, new techniques of land-inheritance, and redivision of small farms into technologically adequate family-farms. "The direct way to raise the nutritional level of the nation," he concludes, "is to encourage low-cost food production" rather than current Government plans that have increased food costs to the highest levels in our history.

This is essential reference material for specialists in rural economics and sociology. Its net effect is to point out that the USA does not have a long-range agricultural policy today, despite the vast importance of our billion acres and their occupants to world freedom.

WESTERN STOCK RANCHING. By Mont H. Saunderson. University of Minnesota Press. $5. This is a sober, skilled discussion of ranch economics that will be most distressing to devotees of Hopalong Cassidy. The author, a Western range economist for the U. S. Forest Service since 1938, presents a sound case for the conclusion that "Heigh Ho, Silver" is now "Heigh Ho, Bucks" and the wails echoing over the lone prairie are likely to be the anguish of livestock dealers trying to knock another nickel off the purchasing price.

Mr. Saunderson analyzes the country west of the Missouri Valley from the professional rancher's standpoint. He discusses land forms and climate, describes natural grasses and feed crops for ranch use, and goes into basic problems of cattle, sheep, and wool marketing from Omaha and Houston to the Pacific. Concluding chapters get down off the horse and jeep and into the ranch office with discussions of operating-cost standards, budgets, investment financing, management programs, and so on.

There are twenty-eight lists of tables and figures on ranch statistics, resources, grazing districts, and markets, plus a variety of illustrations of sample forms to be used by cattle- and sheepmen in records and desk-work.

Such a handbook for ranchers has been needed for a long time. It should also be of interest to the considerable group of doctors, lawyers, and "merchant chiefs" who are constantly threatening to "throw it all up, buy a ranch, and settle into the bucolic bliss" of raising livestock. In that event, Mr. Saunderson convincingly demonstrates, kindly include mortgage forms, tabulators, and the address of a good cost-accountant in your luggage. —Robert West Howard.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 12)

falls in love with another woman By contrast with Betty Williamson, an earthy young widow, his wife Judith appears to be a cold, calculating woman, chiefly concerned with manipulating him and his career. Their drama is played out in a charming setting on one of the Thousand Islands, where Betty has inherited an old house. Here the Moores, Betty, and her cousins, the Hancocks, spend an unquiet summer holiday. As Judith struggles to retain possession of her husband her evil nature is thoroughly revealed and the reader is forced to take sides. A not too credible climax is engineered by Henrietta Hancock, who has her own reasons for trying to get Philip out of an unhappy situation. On the whole it is the women who control the story; the male characters seem to play secondary roles.

Mrs. Burnett understands the anatomy of love. She painstakingly dissects an ailing marriage in a deft and polished prose, but all the same her novel remains a much-told tale, signifying little. —Ray Pierre.

WEB OF DESTINY. By Muriel Elwood. Bobbs Merrill. $3. Montreal and Quebec in the year 1759 were exciting places in which to live. Not even blood kinship could cancel the emnity between the French and the English, and in the severe and brutal battles, in which the Indians, drunk on rum and blood lust, joined in the mayhem, anything could happen.

Against the turbulent background of the French-Indian war, the rugged winters and lovely summers of the northern country Miss Elwood has pictured the romance of two young people caught in the web of destiny.

Young Philippe de Courville-Boissart, heir to a vast estate, joined the army at fifteen. At twenty he was a charming diplomat, a brave soldier, and a gallant lover. Handsome and impetuous, he had many a hard lesson to learn about women before he fell desperately in love with Nancy Walker, an English cousin from Albany.

The long affair between these two, threatened by rivalry, shattered over and over by war, handicapped by political and religious differences, and hindered by the lack of transportation and communication in those times, is shown against the lurid background of the war itself. The contrasts of romance and the horrors of war, of the corruption and the gallantry of the outstanding figures of the time, of European luxury and the austerity of life for the Canadians make for colorful and constantly interesting reading. Miss Elwood has mixed her ingredients with a deft and practised hand, and the result is an interesting and stirring novel.

—Christine Noble Govan.

THE GRAND WIDE WAY. By James Reynolds. Creative Age Press. $3. High, wide, and handsome is the nearest we come in our own horseless, benighted country to the sweeping concept of Mr. Reynolds's title. The expression as it is used in Ireland describes gracious and ample country life. In this novel the living of the coast-road society of Connaught is more than easy; it is proud and Palladian. The lesser servants (and there is no lack of them) tug obligingly at their forelocks, and butlers either scold fondly, secure in their long, intimate knowledge of the family, or tipsily announce dinner is ready "be the Holy God." Life is a pleasant round of visiting one's eccentric neighbors, hunting, and showing one's blood horses. Maria Edgeworth could easily have written half these pages, yet there are enough references to motor cars and the affairs of the world to indicate that the lucky Lassitters and their friends are our contemporaries.

There is a grudging bit of plot fitted around Johnny Lassitter and the reception he will get from friends and family after being away ten years, but Mr. Reynolds's heart isn't in it. It is his genial desire not to place an obstacle even for a moment in the way of his fortunate folk. The book bobs along, getting itself into movement when somebody wants to visit a ruined castle for lunch or go fishing or dash off somewhere to buy a horse. Once in a while Johnny gets in some work on that book of his: "Then on a day of sun and shadow, Johnny was sitting under the green-and-white umbrella on the terrace. He wrote a word, then stopped. Wrinkling his brown forehead he pondered. Good God, he couldn't write another word. The book was finished." Mr. Reynolds doubtless owns a green-and-white umbrella himself.

—Riley Hughes.

THE SPUR. By Ardyth Kennelly. Messner. $3. Once again an author essays the task of dramatizing the events surrounding the tragic assassination of Abraham Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth. The concern here is with the motives of Booth. Here was an actor of a famous stage family who had achieved nationwide renown, been wealthy, feted, and a pampered favorite not only of his family but of all women who crossed his path. What caused him to fire the fateful shot that still rings in our history?

Fame, says Miss Kennelly, was the spur. Booth was driven by developing megalomania. Coddled from birth into a belief that he was destined for fame and glory, he was frustrated in his theatrical ambitions by limitations of talent he would not recognize and by an inability to work for the high success he desired. His beauty and ambition gained for him a wider *réclame* than his talent merited, but he had to watch jealously while his brother achieved the greater rewards he had believed meant for him. Finally his own excesses forced him to retire from the stage. Then there was, too, Miss Kennelly implies, his secret guilt over the half unconscious love he bore his sister Asia. These were the forces that unsettled his mind and finally erupted in the mad act that gained him a kind of immortality.

Miss Kennelly has a persuasive way with period and place, as evidenced by her earlier study of Mormon family life, "The Peaceable Kingdom," and she has reconstructed the tragic tale ably, if at a pace that is aggravatingly slow. Unfortunately she has little to add—in terms of new information or of depth of perception—to our understanding of a story that has been well and frequently told before.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 411

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 411 will be found in the next issue.

NUR UGMJ OGB ZUGCMJ

JVZ MPBZMVUBMU GBH

ZUGCMJ JVZ ZXUUMJUZ.

—EVBZRPB MJDCMJVNN.

Answer to Crypt No. 410

Happiness is beneficial for the body but grief develops the powers of the mind.

—Marcel Proust.

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BOOKWORMS & THE SOCIAL SOIL

(*Continued from page 8*)

inside of the industry. The question seems worth raising as to why publishers as compared with other manufacturers should be deprived of the American right to a reasonable inefficiency and a reasonable Hotel-Algonquin-style expense account.

In fact it is my impression that the large, streamlined publishers of textbooks are somewhat more "efficient" and feel less guilt—but should feel more. Textbooks are hard-cover books which often lack—or even in the long run destroy—the hard-cover function. (In the short run a great many of the important ideas in society appear to be spread by textbooks rather than by more current writing: this is where ideas end up to pasture, after a few runs at Belmont Park.) Textbooks increasingly associate reading with "government issue," something which is handed out rather than bought. In some college towns bookstores carry only texts and students do not learn to browse among books or how to collect and cherish them. (I should add, of course, that this development is not so much the responsibility of the publishers as of my own teaching profession, whose occasional monopolistic practices in the promotion of texts make use of quite a few of the devices such as tie-in sales and captive markets that the FTC has condemned.)

THIS all too brief consideration of whether textbooks are really books leads into an even more difficult question: what is a good or a serious book anyway? What kinds of books should publishers feel responsibility to publish and readers to read? It is my own impression that much that is forced upon people as good reading may turn them against reading as a chore and help create a protective apathy against all ideological appeals. The "Here and Now" books have been followed by the waves of Little Golden Books such as "Tootle the Engine," "Let's Go Shopping," and "Scuffy the Tugboat"; similar developments have taken place in the adult world where books about international relations and race relations, whether fiction or non-fiction, are promoted because they are intended to awaken people to "reality," to the various critical issues of today such as foreign policy.

All this assumes that we know more than we do know about the consequences of reading one or another sort of book. There is always an element of indeterminacy in art; in the relation of a reader to a book many things—many unintended things—can and do happen. It seems possible to argue, for instance, that "Huckleberry Finn" is a more serious book on race relations than any of the recent crop, among other reasons because of the artistic ambiguities in the reflections of Huck on the problem of helping Nigger Jim escape. Likewise it seems possible to argue that people need to read less that deals with the present and more that deals with the past and future. The very expense and solidity of the hard-cover book—its quality as furniture—may bear some relation to the long-run timetable of its impact, as compared with those media that cannot as readily be preserved, annotated, reread, or inherited. And among such books it is perhaps precisely the more "escapist" ones which for many can nourish the longer perspectives and the detachments that this country with its abundant resources of people and goods can afford even—or especially—in wartime.

True, there is no necessary conflict in principle between the "escape" book which is a craftsmanlike treatment of literary themes and the topical book which is a tract for the times. It follows from what I have said that what is a liberating book for one person may not be for another—a point often overlooked by those who, nostalgically overestimating the uncorrupted tastes of an earlier day, assume that all those who read good books in the eighteenth century or saw Shakespeare's plays in Elizabethan days found the good things in them. (In her excellent historical study, "Fiction and the Reading Public," Q. D. Leavis does present some evidence, such as material from letters and diaries as well as analysis of best sellers, to indicate a decline of English taste in the last century and a half, but it is terribly difficult to be sure of any such judgment about a dead audience when we cannot even tell much about a live one.) In the "Road to Xanadu" John Livingston Lowes traced some of the kaleidoscopic influences which had seeped into the mind of Coleridge, but similar detective work has not been done to trace the impact of books in the lifespan of less notable figures. Beyond the well-thumbed indexes of reading by age, sex, and previous condition of social-class servitude, research, I must repeat, can so far tell us very little about the subtle interplays between books of different kinds and people of different kinds. Reading a sheaf of book reviews is evidence enough that any book of moment can be interpreted in a fantastic variety of ways.

I recall, for example, the hue and cry among many parents and teachers, already leery of comics, when the story appeared about the boy who had jumped from an apartment-house window wearing a Superman cloak and been killed. It was naturally assumed that children identify themselves with Superman and with other heroes of the newer media. But a careful study of comics readers—one of the very few sophisticated studies we have of any sort of reader—shows that perhaps the majority of children do *not* identify themselves with Superman or other potent wizards of the comics.* Let me quote a twelve-year-old girl fan:

> I like Superman better than the others because they can't do everything Superman can do. Batman can't fly and that is very important. (Would you like to be able to fly?) I would like to be able to fly if everybody else did, but otherwise it would be kind of conspicuous.

Superman is so sharply etched by realistic decor (and in this he resembles many other heroes of contemporary fiction and film) that one could not become Superman even in one's imagination without having everyone spot it. The reader's fear of being a sucker; the fear of seeming to make ambitious, envy-arousing claims; the here-and-now interest in aviation coupled with disinterest in imaginative "flying"—all these things may inhibit the child's power and willingness to identify with a fictional hero.

Much in the same way, I suggest, readers do not learn in school to identify themselves with writers, that is, to identify themselves actively with great literary achievement. Such identification is, obviously, not the same as that which is encouraged by gossip columns about authors as "personalities." Anyone can identify with a personality in this sense. He can wear the same Superman cloak, he can drink the same coffee, drive the same make of car. But the writing of books of the

**Katherine M. Wolf and Marjorie Fiske, "The Children Talk About Comics," in "Communications Research 1948-49," edited by Paul Lazarsfeld and Frank Stanton (Harper, 1949).*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 892)

O[WEN] LATTIMORE:
ORDEAL BY SLANDER

We must not allow ourselves to be bulldozed by those who in the name of . . . a supposed "national emergency" try to insist that debate be suspended and that in face of a totalitarian menace we should . . . make ourselves an authoritarian state.

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sort we are concerned about would seem to thrive only where readers can identify with the author as craftsman, as performer—where they are capable of an objective identification with performance as such. This doesn't mean, of course, that they have to be able to write themselves but I do suspect that schools might do more for reading if they worried a bit less about pupils' reading skills and tastes and a bit more about their writing.

Of course everyone damns the schools for the crushing of literary talents and enthusiasms; indeed, this may be one reason why the schools have tended to abandon the classical tradition in favor of social studies and other supposedly less spinsterly and more true-to-life topics—topics, however, which can seldom be taught "realistically" and honestly to school children. The schools in turn tend to shift the blame for the dissatisfaction of the book-reading minority—about the fact that they *are* a minority—onto the shoulders of the mass media.

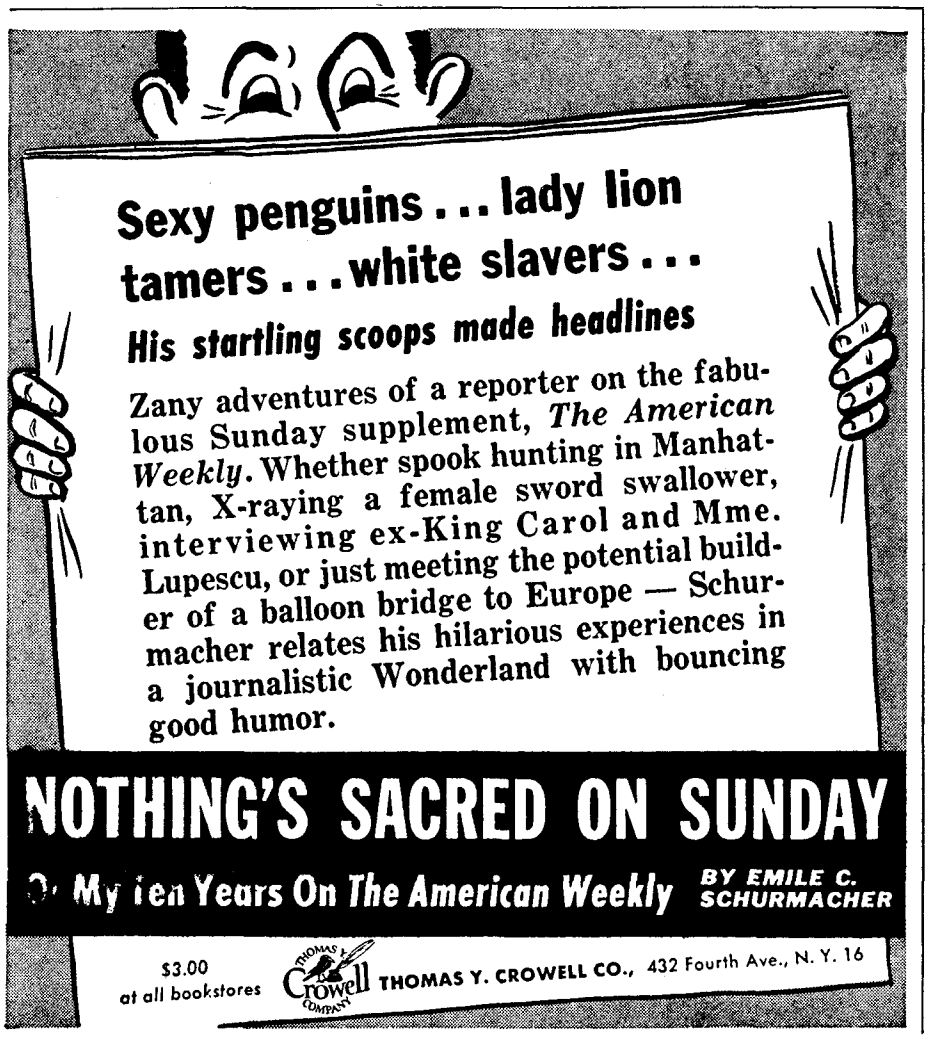
However, just as we are in no position to declare what is a serious book for every type of reader so we cannot assume offhand that books are inevitably more liberating than the newer media. Furthermore, the schoolteacher who feels TV as unfair competition with Jane Austen not only fails to realize that Jane Austen's audience may not have gotten out of her what the teacher herself would hope to get across; more important, the teacher may also be unaware of how much she could do for a gifted and sensitive child or two if she was not afraid of boring a hundred others. Or her attack on TV may be based on her own succumbing to the very values she deplores (often unfairly) in TV; she is apt to accept somehow the inverse snobbery and class romanticism of the prevailing assumption that the non-readers have more fun and are closer to the "natural" and to "life" than the rare gifted bookworms are. It is when she feels she must reach everybody that she compares the Hooper rating of books with that of the supposedly competing media.

The result of all this is neither to make TV more interesting and artistic nor to create social space for the minority of bookworms but rather to make the use of leisure from childhood on a matter for anxiety, intergenerational tension, and concern for social status. I notice among my own students, who are moving up to the top of the "brow" hierarchy, an all-too-ready tendency to adjust to this new set of tastes and to diminish to a safe point the total number of risky enthusiasms for books. They are not worried about being conspicuous for a Superman stunt but for liking a "middlebrow" best seller. (It is safer, of course, for intellectuals to have low tastes than middling ones.) They worry, let us say, that they like Dylan Thomas less than Stephen Spender.

For them the problem is not whether to read or not to read (as it is for the average textbook student mentioned earlier), but how to have read "everything" by the age of twenty-four. This kind of self-demand is historically new in American education and is due to the quiet revolution in standards of teaching which has occurred in the last decades in the more active colleges and universities. Around these students the social space is often small because they want in a few years to fill in an area that took earlier generations of students a lifetime. A small minority even within the small minority of bookworms, they indicate in their own way how haunted and unleisurely our leisure often is.

Yet Americans, despite their ability to make themselves unhappy by efforts to achieve the right amount of adjustment (or, depending on the group, of maladjustment), are an inventive people. I think it quite possible that there exist new and as yet unknown ways by which people may protect their privacy and social space for liberation through books and other mass media even against all the obstacles presented by their peers and by the society at large. When for such suggestions I am accused of fostering "escape" I usually ask: is the world so wonderful, then, that you can think of no better 'ole, even in a book? The world is what it is in considerable measure because of the books that have been written and read. Likewise, any hope of finding a better world—and therefore of making one—rests on books and on other imaginative productions of some permanence. But until moving day comes and we go to our new utopian quarters I think we have every right to insist on our prerogative of escape.

The question comes back to the quality of that escape, as the problem of the mass media comes back to their quality, for their variety of audiences, in all the concreteness of their impact. And it is here, partly because we are so much in the dark, that we tend to engage in polemics and in admonitions. We need neither to praise escape nor to blame it but to differentiate it. It is even conceivable that only the escapists will turn out to be living in a real world—while the ascetic promoters of serious and dutiful reading are inhabiting some other planet of their own fantasy!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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

CHORAL SURVEY

MOZART: "VESPERAE DE DOMINICA," K. 321. Reinhart Chorus, Winterthur Mixed Chorus, Winterthur Sym. Orch., soloists; Reinhart.
Concert Hall LP: CHS 1083

▶ This performance, sung by amateur "college-choir" style chorus, has an impact rarely met in choral recordings—almost Toscanini-like in intensity, sincerity, precision; excellent as to diction, conveying of text. A striking work, same texts as "De Confessore," K. 339, a companion piece. Splendid play between solos and short, intense choral interjections. Great length of text (for a short work) makes for unusually concentrated expression by Mozart. "Flat," somewhat awkward choral tone, but accurate; transparent. Good solos. Exciting.

BACH: "MAGNIFICAT" IN D. (Same performers as above.)
Concert Hall LP: CHC 60

▶ Strange—Bach's more munificent, less personal scoring is not as well served; the intensity here lacks solidity; the accurate voices, bringing out every bit of counterpoint, excellent as to word projection, lack the Baroque richness of mass. Even so, an excellent performance. Solos closer than above (too close), tonal awkwardness more noticeable.

BACH: MASS IN B MINOR. Akademie Chorus, Vienna Symphony, soloists; H. Scherchen.
Westminster LP: WL 5037/38/39 (3 LP's boxed)

▶ Surely the outstanding available version, splendid in technical recording quality. Here the older, richer (more quavery) semi-pro Viennese singers give requisite choral sumptuousness; solos are good, notably Poell (bass). Yet—reservations: an unsuitable driving hurry in some numbers ("Laudamus te," "Sanctus"); more important, a curious (but often met) lack of choral phrasing, a pounding quality, in the fast numbers; choral text obscured, dramatic contrasts instrumentally done, words almost ignored. In sum, an instrumentally conceived performance. Even so, a laudable one.

HAYDN: "MASS IN TIME OF WAR" ("Paukenmesse"). Vienna State Opera Orch., Akademie Chorus, soloists; Gillesberger.
Haydn Soc. LP: HSLP 2021

▶ Same chorus here, in later style music. As in Mozart above the dynamic interchange betw. chorus and solos brings text into much greater dramatic relief. These are fine soloists; the serious spirit of the late Haydn beautifully presented, the chorus seemingly inspired by excellent solo and orchestral work.

HAYDN: "THE SEASONS." Vienna Philharmonic, State Opera Chorus, soloists; Clemens Krauss.
Haydn Soc. LP: HSLP 2027 (3 LP's boxed)

▶ Long-delayed issue of earlier recording—must have involved heartbreaking indecision. A generally excellent conception of a huge major work, uncut, long and painstakingly prepared, badly marred by incredible recording troubles—constant distortion of solo voices, fluttering "burble" in flutes, distressing wavers of pitch. Even so, a definitive job, bringing out the surprisingly Beethoven-like and pre-Romantic implications of this superb score.

BACH: "ST. JOHN" PASSION. Vienna Symphony, Akademie Choir, soloists; Grossmann.
Vox LP: PL 6550 (3 LP's boxed)

▶ The Akademie Chorus on still another label. This is a rather sweet, sincere performance, mildly done, musically conceived, but wholly lacking in the hard, tense drama that Bach writes into the "St. John." The properly milder moments—many—are excellent. Top-standard recording.

BRITTEN: "HYMN TO ST. CECILIA"; VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: "LORD, THOU HAST BEEN OUR REFUGE." Augustana Choir, Henry Veld.
Key LP: #14

▶ A *tour de force* unaccompanied recital, of which these two are of outstanding interest, the rest unimportant. The Britten is a major work of great choral beauty and originality, set to W. H. Auden. The V. Williams, similarly idiomatic, is I'd say of lesser stuff, though most interesting. Remarkable singing by this college choir, with great expression, excellent understanding.

BRITTEN: "REJOICE IN THE LAMB"; KODALY: "MISSA BREVIS IN TEMPORE BELLI." Chancel Choir of Nat. Presb. Church, Washington, Schaefer.
WCFM LP: LP-4

▶ A lighter work, but most touching, upon words of the half-mad religious poet, Christopher Smart. Charming setting of sections on Smart's cat, Joeffrey; mice it chased. Nice choral work; intelligent solos, bit amateurish. Unusual organ writing in accpt. The Kodály is his usual eclectic style; clearly a powerful personality at work—but much is derivative (Brahms, Fauré!).

BACH: "ST. MATTHEW" PASSION (Abr.). Handel Oratorio Society, soloists, organ; H. Veld.
Key LP: LS 501 (1)

▶ Innocence shall prevail! The professional soloists here show little comprehension of Bach, the organist less; narrator is just plain embarrassing. But the 400-voice (untrained) chorus sings with real beauty, instinctive feel for musical and emotional sense.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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THE FINE ARTS

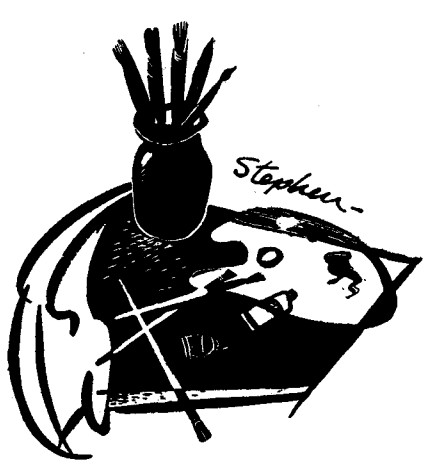
AMEDEO MODIGLIANI

OF FACTS pertaining to Modigliani's career none is more singular than that he should have been so direct an heir to the Renaissance and Mannerist painters of his native Italy. He was separated from them by generations of artists, fluent and important at first, dwindling to cautious provincialism in the century preceding his own. Many of his immediate predecessors, beguiled by French impressionism, had repudiated the linear eloquence—rigid or molten, equally assured—which is an earmark of the major Italian styles. Others, like Boldini, had mistaken recklessness for pride and others still, serious but weak, had tried to emulate Ingres's neoclassic sobriety and awe. None of these men had the instinct for great drawing. Modigliani was to have it throughout his brief, tormented life.

Granting Modigliani's atavistic skill as a draftsman, the wonder is that it prospered amid a relatively alien climate. He left Italy for Paris in 1906, a year after the *fauves* had brought to a climax their program to give color a dominant role. His maturity as a painter began when cubism was emerging as the most vital movement in vanguard art; it was a movement that often reduced drawing to a shadow play within tinted screens. Of all his contemporaries in pre-1914 Paris only De Chirico (significantly his countryman) seemed convinced that line might properly contain deep space as within a lariat. Few of the others could accept such a procedure; the majority dismissed it as an exhausted, illusionistic trick, violating the physical limitations of the painter's canvas. Cézanne's aim was still fresh in mind: "I try to render perspective solely by means of color."

For De Chirico's lonely repudiation of the newer trends in Parisian art, however, Modigliani substituted an eager acceptance of his colleagues' enthusiasms—Cézanne's distortions, the wedgelike contours of African sculpture, cubism's elisions and austerity. And while De Chirico was at that time primarily a painter of imaginative architecture, Modigliani's passion was for the human face and figure. We know now that he tried his hand once or twice at landscape. His hand alone was in these attempts, and there is no evidence that still life, the preferred theme of the cubists, ever interested him seriously. He really loved only human subjects: the head, the full figure, nearly always presented singly, the very antithesis of Cézanne's late compositions wherein multiple human forms become elements of masonry opposing or supporting each other to create a majestic nave. In his intensity of individual characterization Modigliani holds a fairly solitary place in his epoch. One senses in his finest pictures a unique and forceful impact from the sitter, an atmosphere of special circumstance not to recur. But he was far from being simply a realist. On the contrary, he solved repeatedly one of modern portraiture's most difficult problems: how to express objective truth in terms of the artist's private compulsion. The vigor of his style burns away overlocalized fact. Indeed, his figures at times have the fascination of ventriloquists' dummies. They are believable and wholly in character, yet they would be limp and unimaginable without his guiding animation.

Taken as a whole, though each is idiosyncratic, Modigliani's portraits constitute the gallery of an era and of a world, the last real Bohemia, before artists were obliged to share their favorite purlieus with a public envious of their license and gaiety. Painters, poets, musicians, eccentrics, svelte mistresses, servants, tradesmen, adolescents—these form the cast of Modigliani's drama; they were all of them friends. His energy in assembling them was astounding. He raged through the streets at night drunk and fatally ill, hailing friends and berating strangers, moving from café to café, affectionate, troublesome, the asceticism of Italy and ancient Jewry in his marvelous face. And always penniless. Friends tried to help him, of course, but often they were as destitute as he, and in any case he could not rest or be saved. Like Masaccio, Giorgione, Caravaggio, Watteau, Géricault, like all those brilliant artists whose early deaths haunt the beginnings of centuries, Modigliani was doomed and perfectly aware of it. His struggle was to keep going long enough to produce his work—as much as possible. And produce he did, despite drink, drugs, and a sensuality which drove him from one love affair to another. Tattered, cold, trembling, frightened of his deadly cough, he somehow managed to paint steadily, relishing his models as company and as challenge. He drew constantly, everywhere and at all hours; he seems never to have stopped drawing for long. It is idle to argue that he might have been a more profound artist had he nursed his energies. Exacerbated nerves were part of his talent's high price.



MODIGLIANI was not a congenital revolutionary like Picasso and the young Matisse. He was essentially a traditionalist who happened to have caught fire from the excitement of a contemporary idiom. Once he had discovered his style, once he had fought clear of *fin de siècle* artifice and the rival weight of impressionism he held to his road. Usually he preferred rusted colors, Mannerist elongations, and those wry dislocations of his subjects' features—seesaw eyes and pendulous noses, oval heads on tubular necks—which are so unmistakably his own. He did not need or want to change, and he had no time. But within his admittedly narrow range he showed a remarkable sensitivity to evocative detail. He conveyed much, for example, through the placing of a model's arms, heavy with embarrassment or easy and forgotten, weak or bold, the hands often clasped in a foreground arc. In certain portraits the eyes are a dusty jade, open wide; in others lidded and evasive; in still others sharp as beads within a surrounding flaccidity. The small, pursed mouth was a favorite device but he varied it to suggest changing shades of character and mood. It is chiefly because all the portraits look so forcefully his that we tend to think them all the same. They are not, as the careful observer will know.

Modigliani's most ambitious paintings are his nudes—those images of women lying naked, aggressive, and pleased, the tension of frank moment in their faces and animal pride. They

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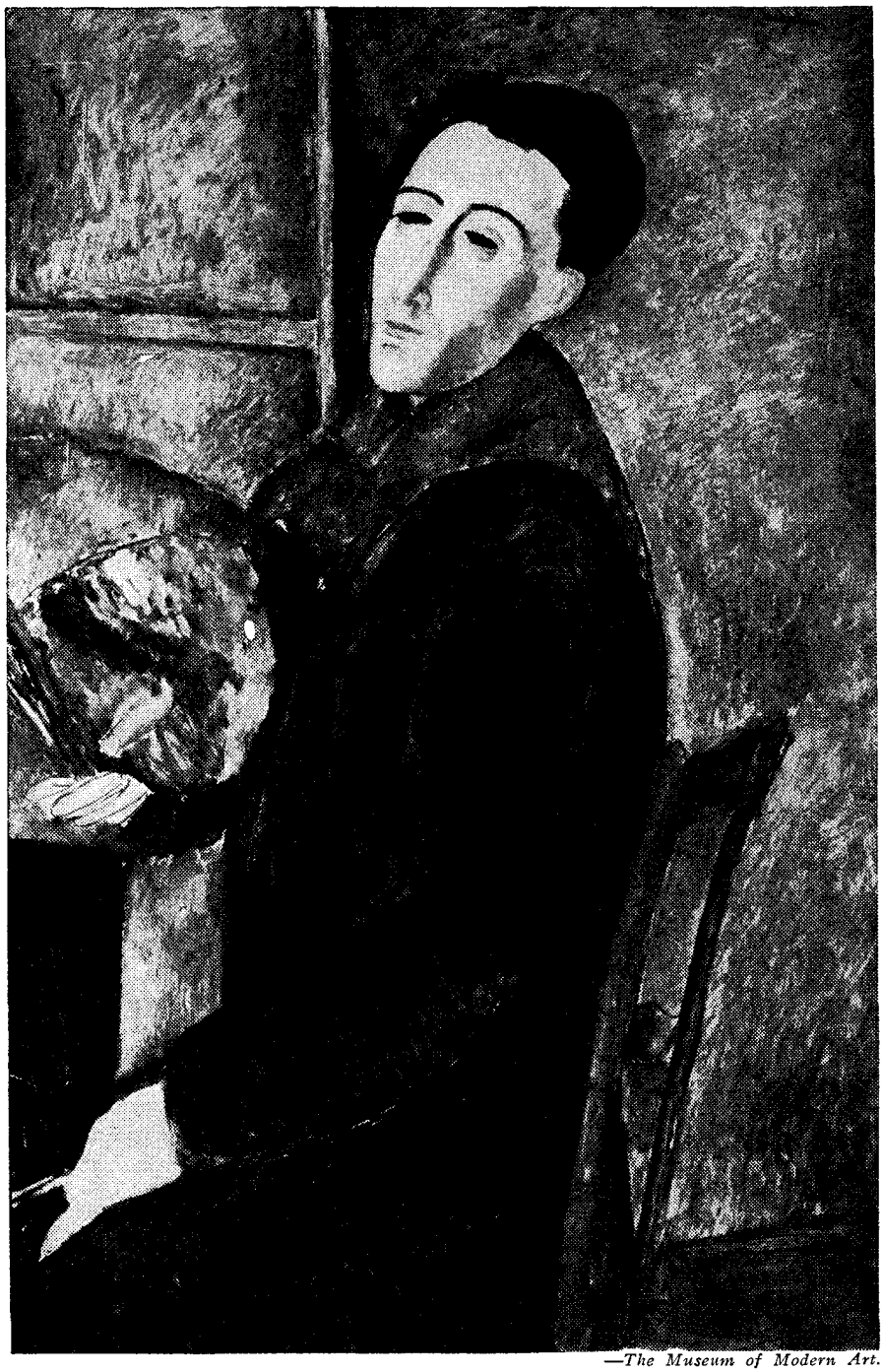
are, in fact, the nudest of nudes, the absolute contradiction of Redon's dictum: "The painter who paints a nude woman, leaving in our mind the idea that she is going to dress herself immediately, is not an intellectual." One feels that Modigliani's models have flung off their clothes, eager for the artist's admiration and utterly unrestrained. These are (let us be candid) erotic nudes for the most part, though dignified by conviction of style. If we compare them with Manet's "Olympia," so scandalous in its time, we see that the last vestiges of allegorical disguise have been abandoned; a Baudelarian atmosphere of sin has been replaced by blunt stress on precisely the physical realities that earlier art had usually moderated or concealed. Modigliani's women are not the grown-up cherubs of which the eighteenth century was fond. They are adult, sinuous, carnal, and real, the final stage in the sequence leading from Giorgione's "Concert Champêtre" to Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" and on to Lautrec and his contemporaries. Yet whereas a certain picturesqueness of evil attaches to Lautrec's works and, indeed, to those of many modern artists from Rops to Pascin, Modigliani's sensuality is clear and delighted, like that of Ingres but less afraid. His nudes are an emphatic answer to his Futurist countrymen who, infatuated with the machine, considered the subject outworn and urged its supression for a period of ten years.

Like many painters who have been decisive draftsmen, Modigliani was attracted by the problems of sculpture, and his work in this medium, though sometimes too insistently archaic, is at its best a considerable achievement. His interest in sculpture was apparently encouraged by Brancusi, and from that master, perhaps, he first absorbed the ubiquitous Parisian admiration for the sculptures of very ancient or very primitive peoples. The tribal arts of Africa were to remain a principal influence on him, and Egypt's stylized grandeur had a marked effect. But Modigliani reacted as well to the Byzantine and Romanesque traditions, created before raw Christian authority in sculpture was modified by classical doubts. Whatever was fresh, powerful, and innocent appealed to him, and only occasionally did he emulate these virtues instead of proposing them anew. In sculpture as in painting his sole concern was the human face and figure, and this is true even of those works which seem intended for architectural use — the caryatid and the corbeled head. He dreamed once of working in Carrara's quarries; his instinct was for direct carving rather than modeling in plaster or clay. It may be that this technical preference, swollen to a purist dogma since his death, accounts in part for the nervous vitality of Modigliani's best pieces. They are at any rate exceptionally vigorous, and, if we sometimes resent their exaggerations, we know they are alive.



—The Museum of Modern Art.

Amedeo Modigliani "Self-Portrait" [1919].

If Modigliani himself had lived? He would be sixty-six now, younger than the men—Matisse, Rouault, Brancusi, Picasso, Braque—who continue to be the most persuasive figures in contemporary European art. He could not have held their pace not only because his fever was integral with his gifts, as already suggested, but because the creative span of modern Italian painters is especially brief, as though the rich old age of Titian and the others had been borrowed in some sense from their living descendants. In any case there is enough of Modigliani's work, enough to guarantee him a lasting place, to assure us a pleasure that only true artists can give at all and few today with so deft a hand.

—James Thrall Soby.

Mr. Soby's article was written as a foreword to the catalogue of the Modigliani show currently on exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art, New York City. The show was organized jointly by the Museum of Modern Art and the Cleveland Museum of Art; it was exhibited at the latter museum during February and March.

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Honest Craftsmanship

SWEDEN BUILDS. By G. E. Kidder Smith. New York: Albert Bonnier. 279 pp. $8.50.

By Frederick J. Kiesler

IT WOULD be easier to glorify Sweden's inventive spirit in the field of science than in architecture. After much praise of Sweden's architectural efforts G. E. Kidder Smith sums up: "The obvious result is that too much architecture is becoming rubber-stamped, stiff, dry, unexciting, sterile, and ingrown, or to use one word—bureaucratic." Any giants of the progressive architecture of our time comparable to Auguste Perret, Otto Wagner, Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, not to speak of the array of modern painters and sculptors, cannot be found in Sweden.

With regard to architecture and the industrial arts Sweden's strength lies, in my opinion, in her craftsmanship. Judged from that point of view Sweden builds well and with a high sense of technical and esthetic responsibility. And that applies to the planning of towns, multiple dwellings, individual housing, and right down to all interior furnishing. As a matter of fact, if we reverse the order and start with textiles, their design and weaving methods, their subdued coloring, all types of furniture, their exquisite tooling and restrained finishing, Swedish lamps with their sensitively controlled light we have put the right foot forward to attain some proper appreciation of Sweden's contribution to contemporary design. Next to it in importance, so it seems to me, is the land policy of the Swedish Government in providing large tracts of land for housing developments — a procedure worthy of emulation. Since 1904 Stockholm has acquired almost 50,000 acres in and outside the city limits, the uniform control of which contributes greatly to the development of decent sites, usage, and economy. As Sven Markelius points out in this book: "Swedish town planning administration differs from that of many other countries in that it is handled by municipal self-governing bodies."

One can see immediately that any temptation toward speculative profits is cut short and housing is put on a basis of needs rather than profiteering (the latter basis so often the case in our own country). Yet that cannot be called socialization but rather the honest spirit of cooperative endeavor. The *Kooperativa Förbundet*, for instance, produces goods to be sold to its consumers but builds also its own shops and factories. Its planning, design, and execution are excellent and credited to Eskil Sundahl and his associates. Another cooperative, the Tenant Saving Bank and Building Society, under its architect Sven Wallander, is exclusively a shelter project. This cooperative alone has provided approximately 50,000 apartments. Now Sweden has progressed, in adopting Le Corbusier's Radiant-city-plan (isolated skyscraper buildings surrounded by greens), to the Reimersholm project in Stockholm. A most commendable enterprise.

In "Sweden Builds" pictorial documentation on all these developments in Swedish architecture can be found abundantly and carefully laid out. On-the-spot studies and photographs form a comprehensive pictorial survey, and the underlining captions make for quick reading and absorption. But it must be admitted that there is nothing new in Sweden's architecture, and the author cannot be blamed for that. Nevertheless, to any student particularly interested in Sweden's contribution to the arts this book will be welcome for its spirit of warm devotion to Swedish integrity.

Frederick J. Kiesler, architect and author, was formerly director of the architectural laboratory at Columbia University.

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Of Man's Greatness

TWILIGHT OF THE ABSOLUTE. By André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Pantheon Books. 275 pp. $12.50.

By William Barrett

WHEN one of the most brilliant novelists of our period turns his serious attention to art the result is likely to be absorbing and unexpected in any case, but it is now quite clear with the publication of this third and last volume of "The Psychology of Art" that André Malraux has produced one of the really great works of art criticism of our time. It is, of course, a tradition in France for men of letters to write ambitiously about the plastic arts, and Malraux now takes his place beside such nineteenth-century masters as Stendhal, Baudelaire, and Fromentin.

But a great deal has happened to art and Western civilization since these earlier critics, and the difference between their point of view and Malraux's is perhaps even more significant than the similarity. Malraux is compelled to be much more ambitious in his aims, and the historical and cultural scope of his analysis of art is wider beyond anything these earlier writers could have imagined. The fact is that Malraux is engaging in this examination of art with an eye to another problem that only appears in the background: the problem of man and of the fate of human civilization. Thus, this long exploration of the nature of art, far from being an interruption of Malraux's career, really carries forward those themes that have long been obsessive with him.

This essay rambles a great deal, darting agilely and nervously from point to point, but fortunately the rambling is controlled by a central thesis, which is a very simple one and almost expressed by the title. Nearly all the great art of the past—from the cave drawings of primitive man up to the painting of the Renaissance—was executed under the inspiration of religion. The Absolute of religion was present in his world and therefore directly present to the artist himself. The sculptors of Chartres, to use Malraux's example, worked so directly in the service of their religious belief that they could never have thought of themselves merely as craftsmen disposing lines and colors to make a pleasing pattern nor even as making a realistic image that would represent what the Virgin might have looked like; they were making something to be the Virgin.

Malraux does not contend that religion has disappeared from the mod-

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—*French Embassy.*

André Malraux—"affirmative faith."

ern world; it still rises to the surface in moments of crisis, supplying strength and consolation to men in battle or behind the barbed wire of concentration camps. But there is no doubt that in comparison with the past ours has become a secular world, and religion has not been the source of inspiration for any great art form in our time. The image of our age, Malraux finds, is an imitation-Gothic church tucked away amid the skyscrapers of Broadway.

But the Absolute disappears in one form only to be reborn in another, and Malraux's contention is that the whole of modern art may be defined as a search for a new vision to replace the religious one: the vision of painting as its own Absolute. The decisive step in this transition Malraux traces back to the change in style from Rembrandt to Vermeer in the seventeenth century. Where the Renaissance had been passing gradually to a secular view of the world, Rembrandt—a kind of Dostoievsky among painters, portraying the stormy soul of the Protestant Reformation—is in a way a reversion to an earlier state of artistic being in the sense that God or the Absolute is a kind of shadowy presence haunting all his paintings. With Vermeer, however, the painter's point of view undergoes a metamorphosis: the quality of the visible world itself, the sheer surface of texture, color, and pattern become the end at which his art aims. Though most of Vermeer's paintings are organized around some incident from daily life, as in the tradition of Dutch genre painting, the incident disappears into the structure of the painting and hardly counts for very much in our visual experience of the canvas. In our century modern abstract art has carried this view of painting as its own Absolute to a final and fulfilling conclusion: a Braque still life, Malraux says, may not be exactly a holy object, but "a vaguely apprehended god, who goes by the name of Art, hallows it."

Though Malraux's point here is significant and on the whole valid, it seems to me to be inconsistent with the main tenor of his argument throughout this and the two previous essays in the series. What has dominated, expressly or not, his examination of the art of all civilizations has been the concept of Man as the creature of which all the assembled baggage of our museums is but an overflow and an expression. A work of art that claims to present no more than a visual surface would rank considerably lower in the esthetic hierarchy than the sculptures of Chartres or the figures of Giotto, which convey to us the depth and height of a whole period's feeling about God and human life. Either modern painting does more than deify an abstraction called Art or it is, as its detractors have claimed, a merely transitional or decadent form. I suspect that modern art has another meaning for Malraux but that he has merely arrested his exposition at this point. In the previous volumes in this series he has seen more, much more, for example, in a painter like Cézanne than the mere presence of Art as an Absolute.

Perhaps it is this aphoristic character of the work, stopping short in its exploration of the main ideas, that constitutes the most tantalizing but disappointing feature of Malraux's whole analysis. The fact is that Malraux, while he has the capacity to vibrate sympathetically with certain large and profound ideas, does not have that other capacity of the born thinker to digest patiently and elaborate exhaustively the ideas to which he responds. Despite all its intellectual brilliance the work leaves unanalyzed the central ideas under which its discussion proceeds: the ideas of Man, history, culture, and the Absolute itself that Malraux would put in the place of the older religious objects of worship. By way of a general conclusion we are left only with a kind of exalted glow at Malraux's affirmative faith in the heroism of Man and the greatness of his works.

The illustrations, as in the previous volumes, are chosen with great taste and are beautiful enough to be worth by themselves the cost of the book.

William Barrett is assistant professor of philosophy at New York University and associate editor of Partisan Review.

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Excellent Art Fare

ITALIAN PAINTING: The Creators of the Renaissance. Critical Studies by Lionello Venturi. Historical Surveys by Rosabianca Skira-Venturi. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Albert Skira. 205 *pp.* 105 *reproductions in full color.* $15.

By Hans Tietze

IN THIS new volume, an introduction to Italian painting of the early Renaissance, the publisher continues his policy of offering abundant fare at amazingly low cost: no better esthetic food at any price. He adds a distinguished text as a spice for gourmets but, as in his other publications, lays the stress on the illustrative side.

Making good use of the superiority of Swiss color-print technique, he sets as his goal a solution of the problem of adequate color reproduction by supplying the best now available and thus claiming to offer a full equivalent of the chromatic values of the precious originals. This is, in my opinion, a fallacy shared by all efforts directed toward this particular aim of duplicating the unique. What a reproduction can achieve is a satisfactory relation to the coloristic needs of its period. Complete fidelity remains unattainable. The unpretentious colorplates of the Arundel Society made nearly a hundred years ago were just as faithful a rendering of the originals for their date of publication as Skira's highly sophisticated plates are for us. They reflected the color taste of the middle 1850's and, although they were certainly more arbitrary than modern reproductions,

being based on the exertions of individual copyists, they were on the other hand more devoutly adjusted to the specific color scale of each individual model.

Modern reproductions of classic paintings and of contemporaries as well have a tendency to be cruelly equalized by their mechanical origin. Since as a consequence of the unlimited individualism of contemporary art our time has no homogeneous coloristic concept, any endeaver to reach a common denominator will necessarily be influenced by the medium which more than any other determines the chromatic experience of the period: Technicolor. As a result most of the paintings seem to be executed by one hand, the anonymous "Master of the Skira Color Prints."

There are some exceptions. On the whole frescoes come closer to the effect of the originals than panels, and details—in this book selected with subtle understanding and refined taste—are superior to total compositions. The isolation and the relative nearness to the original size help these heads and hands to overcome the inherent difficulties. Having been cut from an ensemble they spur the imagination, and being less distorted by the change which reduction in size must produce in the color pattern intended by the artist they are truer to his intentions.

As in earlier publications, the publisher was not satisfied with producing a mere picture book or having a selection of ambitious reproductions accompanied by an inadequate text. The "Studies" in which Lionello Venturi, one of the most acute and spirited art critics of today, characterizes and rates the creators of the pictorial Renaissance attain the highest standard. It is less fortunate that Professor Venturi's text is divided into short paragraphs, each of which is devoted to a group of articles not always organically connected so that the author is never able to develop his ideas fully and has to confine himself to aphoristic remarks. These remarks may be stimulating for Italian readers, among whom a much more widespread and thorough knowledge of the historical and esthetic problem involved can be expected, but they seem over the head of the type of American reader at whom the book aims.

An effort has been made to bridge the gulf between the sophisticated text and the seemingly self-contained illustrations by adding historical surveys, each devoted to the same group of artists whom Lionello Venturi has treated on a higher level. A limitation to factual information might have proved a more useful commentary and supplement. As it is, these surveys water down Venturi's text, adding the important facts about the artists and their works as far as they are reproduced in the book but without clear order. On the whole the information is up to date and reliable except for a few mistakes which may be due to errors in the otherwise excellent translation. For example, the "Empress" Ovetari (page 156), widow of the burgher Antonio Ovetari, merely happened to have the uncommon first name of Imperatrice; and the fragments of Antonello da Messina's famous altarpiece of San Cassiano (page 168) are not in the Museo Civico in Venice but are treasures of the Vienna Art Museum.)

Hans Tietze's publications on painting include "Genuine and False" and an edition of "Masterpieces of European Paintings in America."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

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THEY CAME TO BAGHDAD *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead; $2.50)	The Great Powers were to meet in Baghdad; a plot against them must be nipped. Innocent but adventurous Victoria Jones from London becomes focus of plots and counterplots.	Don't miss this; mastery of character, humor, authentic East, flawless plot, *real* suspense. Agatha Christie's fiftieth book—and fresh as a daisy.	Prize of the year!
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—Kathleen Sproul.

Art Book Notes

THE SCULPTURE AND SCULPTORS OF GREECE. By Gisella M. A. Richter. Yale. $15. In her preface to the first edition of this book Miss Richter pointed out that Greek sculpture is a theme so vast it cannot be adequately encompassed by the interpretation of any one individual nor can it ever become a closed subject. Now, twenty

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years after the last revision her book remains as useful and reliable as ever, for she has again brought it up to date by incorporating the latest archeological findings. The new edition is all the more welcome because the work has been out of print for some time.

Miss Richter's text is illuminated by 775 photographs, a carefully revised bibliography, and a chronology of outstanding Greek sculpture. The introductory chapter, which sketches in the historical background, contains two useful maps. "The Sculpture and Sculptors of Greece" is one of the finest achievements of a scholar who presided over the Department of Classical Art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art for almost a quarter of a century and has to her credit a score of standard works on classical art.

DESIGNING TAPESTRY. By Jean Lurcat. Macmillan. $4.50. Soon after William conquered England at Hastings in 1066 a tapestry was made to commemorate the victory; it is on view at Bayeux to this day. Although this was not by any means the first wall hanging woven in France, it serves to demonstrate the long tradition of tapestry-making in that country.

Describing the depth to which the art had fallen early in the present century Jean Lurcat states that during the first decade Beauvais, the tapestry center, produced no more than twenty square yards annually on an average. Esthetically the art was at a proportionately low state.

From a modest start in 1915, made with some left-over wool and canvas that his mother had lying about the house, Lurcat has become the leader of a group achieving fair success in the revival of tapestry in terms of contemporary art. His first essay, accomplished while at home on a furlough, was a copy of one of his own water colors. It did not take him long to realize that it was a failure because he had made the error common to the period of copying easel paintings rather than of designing according to the requirements of the medium. The great achievements of the Middle Ages were largely possible, he believes, because weaver, dyer, and designer worked close enough to each other to confer frequently. Thus, about twenty shades of wool sufficed for a hanging instead of the two thousand shades that have gone into some tapestries of the recent past.

Mr. Lurcat's is neither a technical nor a "how-to-do-it" book. He presents his theme in the form of a colloquy between himself and an imaginary reader to whom he admits he sometimes gives insolent replies. There are fifty-three full-page black-and-white illustrations of tapestries from the past and present.

TITIAN, PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS. By Hans Tietze. Oxford-Phaidon. $6.50. This volume benefits from Mr. Tietze's study and reflection since he published his first book on Titian fifteen years ago. Considerably shorter than the first study, it is concerned with Titian in relation to his background rather than as an isolated creative figure. In the first chapter, for example, Mr. Tietze concentrates almost completely on the question of Giorgione's bearing on Titian and reaches some highly profitable conclusions. Throughout the book he quotes liberally the opinions of other experts in the field—sometimes as many as five competing views are presented—with decidedly provocative results.

The text itself runs to only fifty-five pages, the remainder of the volume being devoted to an extensive catalogue and a bounty of reproductions. The latter includes more than eight color reproductions and 300 monochrome full-page reproductions of paintings and a selection of woodcuts (one a fold-in the width of eight pages), drawings, and etchings. A valuable feature is the reproductions of works by Titian now lost or destroyed. These were made by other hands while the originals were still extant. —L. R. SANDER.

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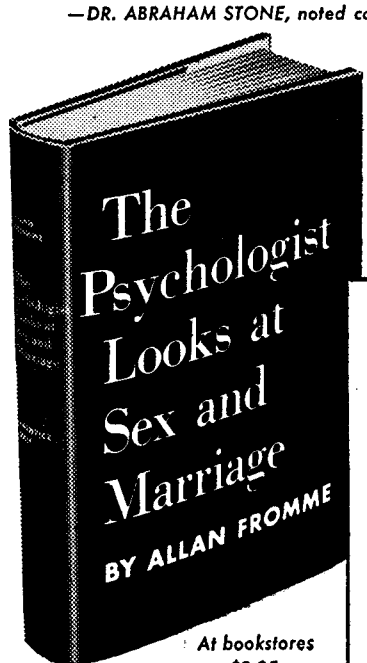

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AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 16*)

with striking contemporary prints showing camels prancing daintily among the big trees of California.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

CIRCUS DOCTOR. By J. Y. Henderson. Little, Brown. $3.50. A telephone call in the middle of the night from John Ringling North offering him a job with the Greatest Show on Earth precipitated "Doc" Henderson from a quiet practice in Louisiana into the whirlwind life of circus veterinarian. Today, ten years later, he is still on the job, giving worm medicine to polar bears, puttings splints on the broken legs of leopards, guarding the tender feet of the elephant tribe.

Henderson is a modest, horse-wise Texan. His adventures in the cages of the big cats, with high-strung "liberty" horses, with accidents in the ring, and in face of constantly unpredictable ailments and mishaps among his wild animal patients will fascinate any animal- or circus-lover. The last days of Gargantua, that brooding, mountainous gorilla, form one of the high spots of the book. Gargantua was a difficult patient—it was death to go within arm's reach of him. The book is crammed with off-trail bits of information such as the ingenious method circus elephants have invented for pulling their own teeth. And Dr. Henderson answers one question which has puzzled most of us all our lives—how does a circus train carrying giraffes ever get through a tunnel? The answer is obvious once it's explained. Why didn't we think of that before?

—WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Day Star, from Milton: Lycidas. 2. Hindoo, from George Birdseye: The Hindoo's Paradise. 3. Apollo, from Witter Bynner: The Singing Huntsman. 4. Montrose, from Wm. E. Aytoun: The Execution of Montrose. 5. Look Out, from Pinckney: A Serenade. 6. Chant, from Burns: The Banks o' Doon. 7. Plaudit, from Longfellow: The Poets. 8. Wintergreen, from Kaufman & Ryskind: Of Thee I Sing. 9. Meridian, from Shakespeare: Henry VIII. 10. Worth, from Samuel Johnson: London. 11. Regret, from E. A. Robinson: Bewick Finzer. 12. Cavalcade, from Anna Hempstead Branch: While Loveliness Goes By. 13. Shut Out, from Cardinal Newman: Snapdragon. 14. Pensive, from Wordsworth: I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud. 15. Assault, from Edward Young: Night Thoughts. 16. Ponder, from Dorothy Parker: Finis.

THE OLD NORTHWEST—Pioneer Period: 1815-1840. *By R. Carlyle Buley. Indiana Historical Society, Indianapolis. 2 vols.,* $12. This book is a landmark in historical-society sponsorship and an accomplishment of which any sponsor should be proud. Into two lavish volumes totaling 1,300 pages Mr. Buley has packed an encyclopedia of the Northwest Territory—the area out of which were carved the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota. Every facet of pioneer life in this great balance-of-power region is explored and set forth not in generalities but in a fascinating sequence of rich detail which makes the chronicle a joy to dip into. The material has been painstakingly categorized and accurately documented and is presented with scholarly selectivity and clarity.

Every Middle Westerner will find something of himself in this rich reconstruction—something not only of his past but also of his present and a portent of his future. Here is everything from land values in Kaskaskia and the rise of the Whigs to the mystery of the great inland sea serpent and the charge brought before the elders of the Providence Primitive Baptist Church of Gibson County, Indiana, by Lucinda Barrett that Nancy Breedlove had said "Durn." This book is not only a comprehensive history but also an engrossing pageant of Mid-America's coming-of-age. A special word is due the illustrations, all of which are either contemporary with the text or of contemporary interest. Of particular importance are the drawings of Lefevre J. Cranstone, an Englishman who made numerous effective sketches of the Ohio Valley in the 1850s, the originals of which are now in the Indiana University Library.

BIG PAN-OUT. By Kathryn Winslow. Norton. $3.75. The Klondike gold rush burgeoned in the middle of a depression, and so plenty of manpower was available. Miss Winslow estimates that 100,000 get-rich-quickers tried their luck (most of it bad) in the Yukon delirium between 1896 and 1898. The best known among them did not reach the area until years after the big excitement, and he came not as a prospector but as a bank clerk—his name was Robert W. Service. Half of the graduates of California's medical schools went to the gold fields; so did twelve unemployed Boston Jews under the leadership of Charles L. Wise, who had once run for mayor of Hartford on the Socialist ticket and lost by only 300 votes. Among those who could afford $1,000 for the steamer ride up from Seattle were a Yale track and football star who had become a successful lawyer, a former governor of Washington State, and an ex-brigadier general.

The railroads were doubly hit—their crews quit in droves at the very instant transcontinental business boomed. The gadgeteers had a field day—there were collapsible felt-lined cabins, a carrier pigeon air-mail service, an X-ray gold-detecting device (a throwahead to the Geiger counter), capsuled food ("a thirty-day supply in a pocketbook"). Prices even outdid 1951—apples and oranges one dollar each, eggs three dollars (also each), watermelon forty dollars, nails twenty-eight dollars a pound, Bull Durham one dollar a sack. Fifty cents worth of seeds became $1,000 worth of vegetables. The whole fantastic story is reduced to absorbing credibility in Miss Winslow's compact narrative.

THE SPIRIT OF GETTYSBURG. By N. A. Meligakes. Bookmart, Gettysburg, Pa. $3.50. Mr. Meligakes came to America from Greece in 1914; since 1922 he has been a resident of Gettysburg, where he is now a successful merchant. Close association with hallowed ground instilled in him a determination to study the history of his adopted land, particularly the great events that had occurred just outside his door.

That determination now bears fruit in an unusual volume which sets forth briefly the history of his county, the detailed story of the battle, and subsequent commemorative observances. Mr. Meligakes has read to good purpose under competent guidance and writes with a zest and pride as heartwarming as it is obviously sincere. He puts forth no claim to addition to or reinterpretation of the familiar story. The book is entirely a local production, written by a citizen of Gettysburg, printed at a Gettysburg newspaper plant, and published by a Gettysburg bookshop. Two members of the faculty of Gettysburg College assisted in the final editing after Gettysburg friends had "helped take the wrinkles out of my first manuscript."

—J. T. W.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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PERSONALS

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P. Unburnished.	96 12 133 144 171 151
Q. Looked forward to.	17 106 8 26 147 154 90 163
R. According to that.	81 73 148 18
S. American playwright (1906- ; "Rocket to the Moon," etc.).	149 27 29 130 62
T. Satirical poet of ancient Rome noted for mordant writings.	66 115 50 75 3
U. Pertaining to capital of Macedonian kings, where Philip II was assassinated.	83 61 80 119 177 165 146
V. German general, politician, writer of books on World War I, (1865-1937).	21 2 42 35 159 5 131 86 48 150
W. Turned the head of a vessel toward the wind (naut.).	7 53 23 123 110 85
X. As a substitute or equivalent.	174 143 31 45 104 1 16
Y. The black varnish tree; the varnish.	172 9 78 99 65 36 113 116

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 X	2 V	3 T	4 O	■	5 V	6 A	7 W	8 Q	9 Y	10 N	11 G	12 P	■	13 A	14 H	15 L
16 X	17 Q	18 R	19 D	20 G	21 V	22 F	■	23 W	24 A	25 C	26 Q	27 S	■	28 G	29 S	30 J
■	31 X	32 B	33 O	34 F	35 V	36 Y	■	37 B	38 E	■	39 H	40 G	41 J	■	42 V	43 F
44 E	45 X	46 B	■	47 G	48 V	■	49 B	50 T	51 J	■	52 C	53 W	54 K	55 C	56 G	57 E
58 O	■	59 J	60 G	61 U	■	62 S	63 N	64 H	65 Y	■	66 T	67 J	68 F	69 B	■	70 I
71 C	■	72 H	73 R	74 K	75 T	■	76 J	77 C	78 Y	79 K	80 U	■	81 R	82 I	83 U	84 D
■	85 W	86 V	87 O	88 I	89 L	90 Q	91 J	■	92 F	93 H	94 C	■	95 B	■	96 P	97 O
98 G	99 Y	100 N	101 L	102 B	103 F	104 X	■	105 A	106 Q	107 J	108 M	109 N	110 W	111 K	112 H	113 Y
■	114 O	115 T	116 Y	117 M	■	118 M	119 U	■	120 L	121 F	122 M	■	123 W	124 F	125 K	126 J
127 M	128 C	129 N	■	130 S	131 V	■	132 O	133 P	134 B	135 C	136 F	137 M	■	138 K	139 J	■
140 E	■	141 A	142 K	143 X	144 P	145 M	146 U	147 Q	148 R	■	149 S	150 V	■	151 P	152 D	153 B
154 Q	155 M	■	156 F	157 M	158 O	159 V	■	160 E	161 B	162 O	163 Q	164 G	■	165 U	166 H	167 I
■	168 F	169 O	170 I	171 P	■	172 Y	173 K	174 X	175 H	176 A	177 U	■	178 N	179 G	180 J	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 31 of this issue.

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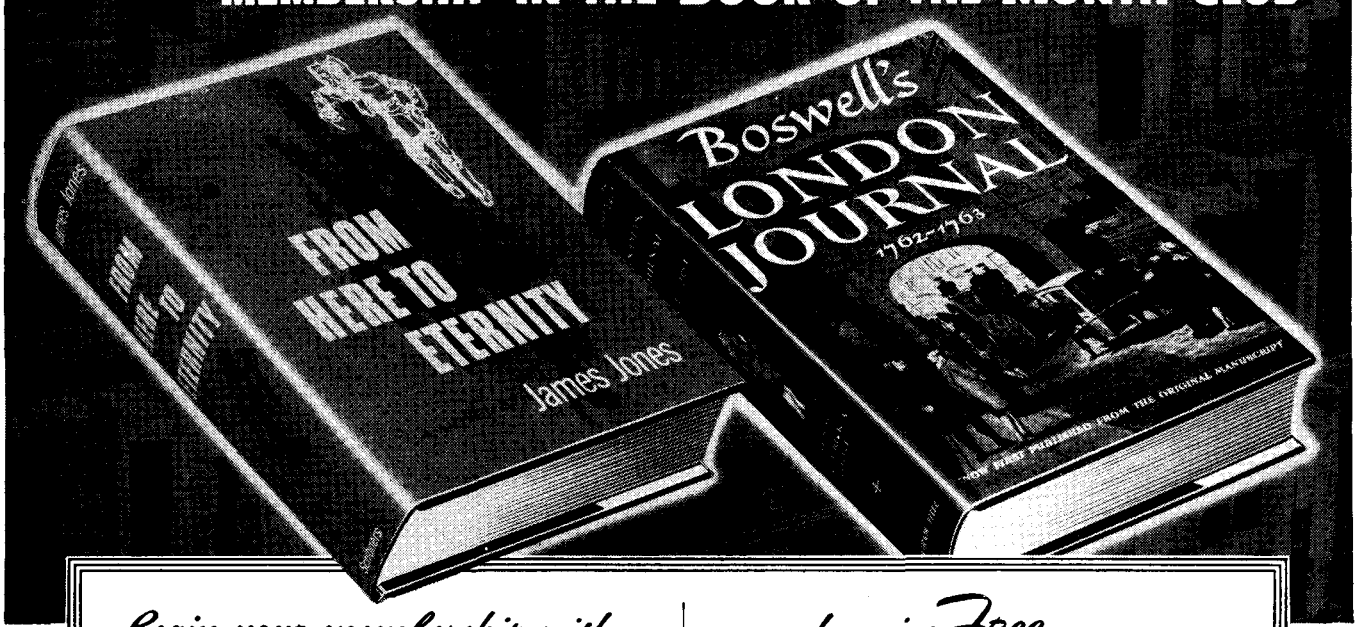

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